



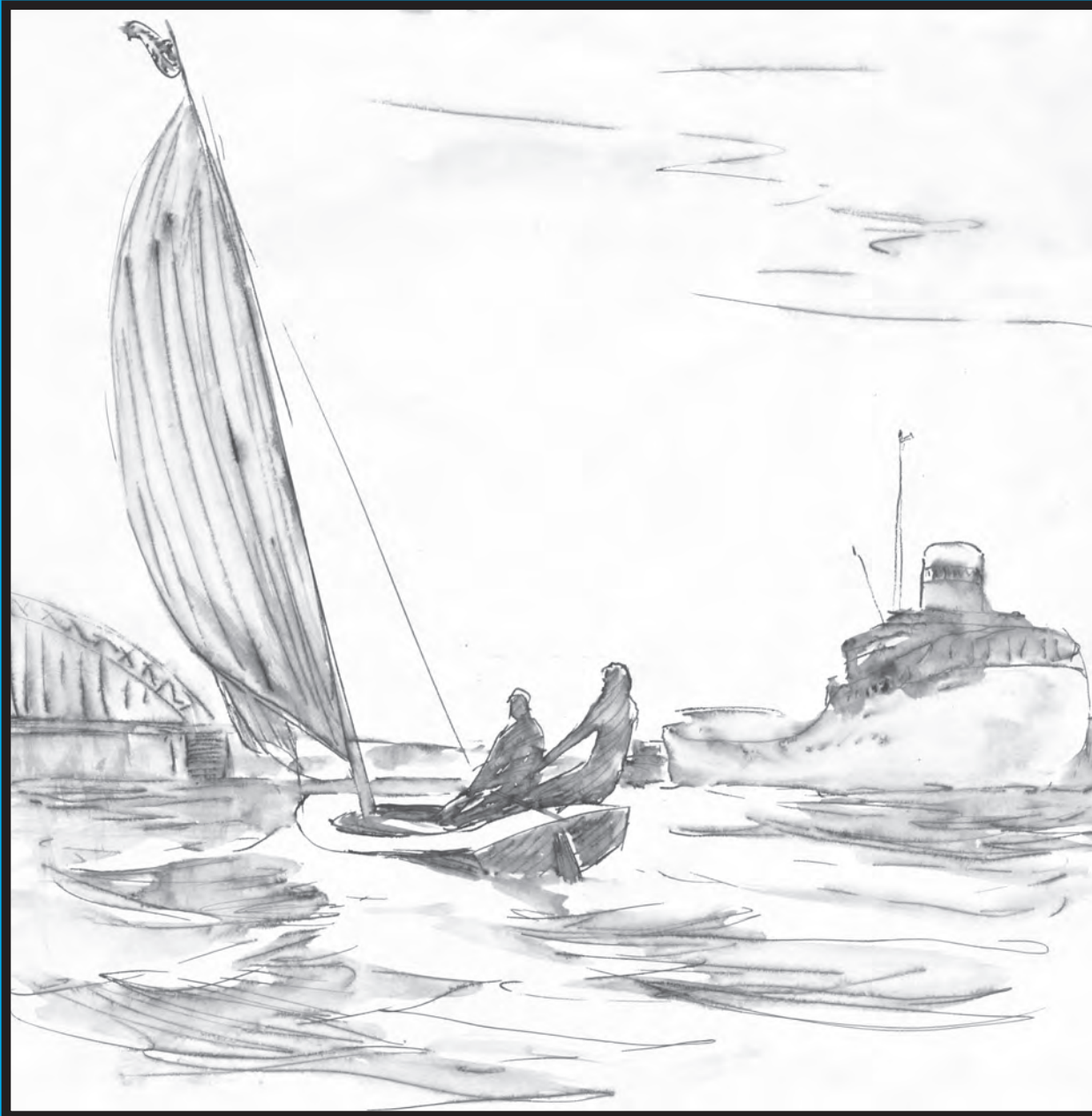
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about in

BOATS

Volume 28 – Number 1

May 2010

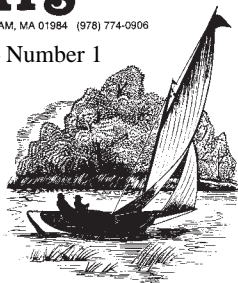
Special Features This Issue
“Calvert Marine Museum” – “Killarney Discovery”
“A Week’s Cruising in GP14s” – “Boats & Spars”
“The Lovely Electric Launch” – “The Case for Polytarp Sails”



messing about in BOATS

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In This Issue...

- 2 Commentary
- 4 Book Reviews
- 5 From the Journals of Constant Waterman
- 6 You write to us about...
- 8 Calvert Marine Museum
- 10 A Week's Cruising in GP14s
- 13 The Last Whitehall on South Street—1939
- 14 Killarney Discovery
- 16 25 Years Ago in *MAIB*: How I Came to Own a Townie
- 19 Adventures in *Solid Waste*: Part 5
- 19 On the Water on The Virginia Shore—2009
- 20 Last Cruise of 2009
- 22 Boats Really Don't Make Sense: You Have to Put Your Hand in the Water: Part 4
- 24 Flying *Kittery* Returns and Teaches
- 25 Cape Cod Harbors: The Pirates of Hingham Harbor
- 26 Boat Ramp Tales
- 27 Variation—Deviation—Declination
- 28 Beyond the Horizon
- 30 My Latest Love
- 32 The Lovely Electric Launch
- 34 The Marine Art of Irwin Schuster
- 35 Canoeing with Architects
- 36 Boats & Spars
- 38 Super Dink: Part 2
- 39 A Call to Build and Race
- 40 Make Your Own Canvas Canoe
- 42 Phil Bolger & Friends on Design: Messing About in Fishing Boats: Chapter 12
- 45 Evolution of the Twinsail Rig
- 46 The Case for Polytarp Sails
- 47 A New Adirondack Guideboat
- 48 From the Lee Rail
- 48 Did I Tell You About the Time...?
- 49 Trade Directory
- 55 Selling *Plum Duff*
- 56 *C. Marie* is for Sale
- 57 Classified Marketplace
- 59 Shiver Me Timbers

2 – *Messing About in Boats*, May 2010

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



As I write this on March 31 as this May issue goes to press our annual first boating of the season has taken place down back of the barn (see photo). A vernal pond forms every year, sometimes in the late fall (which provides winter skating) and always in spring when the ground becomes overloaded with water. It is the time for our grandchildren to break out Gramp's kayaks and paddle about in the ice-cold water (albeit only a couple of feet deep at the most).

There was no boating when our daughter and son were growing up here in the late '50s and '60s (our world was submerged in my motorcycling sport and publications) but after we launched *MAIB* in the '80s our daughter's two girls enjoyed this brief moment of messing about in boats each spring while growing up here (their home was on the far side of the pond) and now our son's 10 year old daughter and 6 year old twins (daughter and son) have taken over the pond (they too live adjacent to the pond). It has been fascinating to watch the little ones learning to master the paddling in craft so big with paddles so long in relation to their size, usually starting around 4 years old. School friends now appear afternoons to join in the fun.

This year the pond has been at record size and duration with about 16" of rainfall in March, a record amount equal to a normal six months' supply. This is the 73rd year I have witnessed this phenomenon, but when I came here at age 7 there were no kayaks or boats of any sort in the family. I recall my boating on this pond then initially consist-

ed of launching various sizes of chunks of lumber (2x4s and such) from the shores attempting to give them sufficient momentum to reach the far side.

My onboard boating took place after I was about 12 elsewhere in the neighborhood when I could roam further afield in what was then still open countryside (prior to post-WWII suburbanization) at an old gravel pit not far away, where my buddies and I would put together rafts of old planks and launch them into water-filled pits (dug deep to assay the gravel), sallying forth in "naval battles" ramming one another, innocently unaware of the impact of that ice water should we fall in. I don't recall ever having fallen in, good thing as my mother had no idea we were doing this and she was deathly afraid of deep water (being a non-swimmer). I'd have been hard pressed to explain arriving home soaked to the skin.

In more recent times at least once each spring I have undertaken a leisurely paddle in our pond, just loafing as it takes only a few paddle strokes to cross from end to end or side to side. Perhaps this will in time become my last adventuring afloat when even the small flatwater rivers and streams friend Charlie and I now paddle become too intimidating. If I hang on long enough I may get to see a fourth generation of kids get afloat here when oldest granddaughters (22 and 27) decide to have families. That'd be kinda nice, experiencing this little seasonal ritual over a span of four generations over more than three-quarters of a century.



On the Cover...

Long time reader and occasional contributor Charlie Hewins from Philadelphia sent on this drawing with the following commentary: "When going through a stack of folders I came across this pen and ink (plus brush and water) drawing I made recalling my years (1963-'66) of teaching sailing at the Riverton, New Jersey Yacht Club. It depicts a Comet class sloop and an oil tanker heading downstream on the Delaware River past Philadelphia (on the right) approaching the Tacoma/Palmyra Bridge. I was brought up on the lower Chesapeake with galvanized fittings and cotton sails. Hold your course with *MAIB*, steady as you go."



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The Blackwood Schooner

The Story of the *Ella M. Rudolph*

By Bruce Staggs

Flanker Press
PO Box 2522, Station C
St John's NL A1C 6K1, Canada
\$17.95

Reviewed By Ron McIrvin

Fishing the Newfoundland east coast for the valuable codfish in the 1920s was done by boats powered with sail. The schooner rig was the desired rig. Auxiliary power was not available at that time. Navigation was by compass, a log, and maybe a chart. Weather forecasting was by observation and a weather glass.

Sea tragedies were a part of Newfoundland's maritime history from the first time that people came to the coast to fish for the abundant and valuable cod. The coast is rugged, the weather can be tricky as it can be fair then quickly change for the worse. The sea became an intimate part of the Newfoundland people's lives. They labored on it, respected it, liked it, and were afraid of it. They understood and expected that during each year boats would be lost and lives would also be lost. It is estimated that 10,000 shipwrecks are scattered over Newfoundland's hazardous coast. That is a lot of boats. There are hundreds of tales as dramatic and awful as this story of the *Ella M. Rudolph*. This story, though, is a good example of how a wreck can occur, the details of the wreck, and the far-reaching implications to the people affected by the *Rudolph* tragedy.

The *Rudolph* was built in Nova Scotia in 1912. She was 66' long with a beam of 19' and drew 8'. She was a stout little boat with two masts and a bowsprit and fitted with mainsail, foresail, jumbo, and jib. Nova Scotia-built schooners were noted for being good sailers with their trim shape, as was the *Rudolph*.

Eleazer Blackwood (Skipper Leaze) bought the *Rudolph* in the fall of 1925 and brought her home to Port Nelson harbor. The winter was spent getting the boat and fishing gear overhauled. In the spring the vessel was hauled, the bottom inspected and caulked and painted with copper paint.

The crew selected, besides Skipper Leaze, was his three sons; Bert, Harry, and



Book Reviews

Duke Blackwood, Sam Carter (the Skipper's brother-in-law), Joe Vivian (also the Skipper's brother-in-law), Noah Vivian (Joe Vivian's cousin), Walter Attwood, and Mary Jane Abbott (the Skipper's niece), the cook. The crew totaled nine, all related except for Walter.

They sailed the boat from Port Nelson to Catalina, purchased the necessary food and supplies for the trip to Labrador, returned to Port Nelson, and made ready to leave for the three to four-month fishing season.

The fishing grounds were near Cape Harrison on the Labrador coast, about 550 nautical miles north of their Newfoundland home at Port Nelson, about ten days sailing. The trip north went well, although they had to dodge a few icebergs, and the fishing started good but tapered off as the summer slid away, but all in all a pretty good catch. By the end of August the *Rudolph* was heading home. Once home, and after seeing their families, the crew got busy with final curing of the catch so the fish could be taken to St John's and sold. It was the end of October before the *Rudolph* was ready to sail to St John's, the weather had not been good for fish drying and curing had taken longer than usual.

Arriving at St John's, they found the market price for fish poor and it took quite a while and a lot of talk to finally sell the fish, but they did. Then came filling of the orders from home for winter supplies for themselves and friends in Port Nelson. By then it was near the end of November.

With a little luck and a fair wind, a couple of days sailing would have taken them the 100 miles north to home, but that was not to be as the foul fall weather began to get worse as winter approached. Finally, on December 6, with a good forecast of south winds, the *Rudolph* left St John's and pointed north for home. Things went well through the day but

by nightfall the glass was dropping fast and the wind was increasing to gale force and higher and it began to snow. Although they were hoping that the wind would decrease, the storm intensified and they could not control the schooner. Soon they felt a firm jolt, then one much worse, and realized the *Rudolph* had been blown onto the rocky shore.

One crewman survived, Duke Blackwood, Skipper Leaze's youngest son. All others perished. Duke had jumped into the water, following his brother Bert, and miraculously got hold of a rock and was able to resist the terribly strong suction of the waves as they pushed off the rocks heading back to sea. He then scrambled up an almost vertical cliff and trudged for eight hours in the dark through the snowstorm before finding a house and banging on the door for help.

The story is told well, with 30 photos and three maps. It makes you think, the sea is unforgiving and you can't make mistakes. As in the case of the *Rudolph* many families lost their winter supplies, but the really sad part is eight people (seven men and one girl) lost their lives plus severely impacting the lives of eight families.

The Catboat A Photographic Album by Markham Starr

\$16.50


Reviewed by Roy Terwilliger

Photographer Markham Starr has published a book of images taken from the collection of Mystic Seaport—The Museum of America & the Sea. The book is relatively small, 7 1/2"x6", and consists of 64 pages. As he noted at the beginning of the book, Mystic seaport has over 1.3 million images so there are many opportunities to choose excellent photos.

Markham has zeroed in on the catboat, a venerable sailing vessel which, as he says, began in New York (at least in the US) and then moved into New England waters where it became famous. The photographs are all in black and white and cover a period from the late 1800s to mid 1900s. As noted in the captions, they come from a wide variety of photographic techniques such as gelatin glass plate negative, stereograph album print, nitrate negative, etc.

The boats are shown in many different ways, some racing, some at anchor, near the dock, on the beach, etc. The captions are quite cryptic, probably the only information that Mystic had on each print. Many of the boats are named but very few have a date ascribed to the shot. In at least one case (Plate 4), however, a boat shown on the shore is misnamed as the *Wenona*, whereas the letters on her stern undoubtedly refer to the boat's homeport, Wenona, Maryland.

If you like to look at old photographs of sailing vessels, and particularly like catboats, this is a book for you. Its \$16.50 price won't break the budget, but you may have trouble finding it. It is not available on eBay or Amazon (or even from the Mystic Seaport Bookstore), but can be purchased directly from the website: catboatalbum.com. It is a nostalgic little book for summer perusing.



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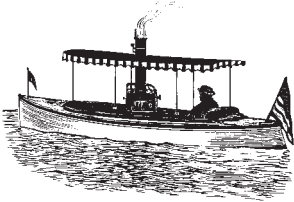
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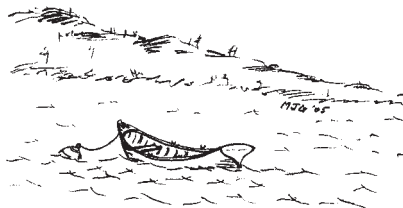
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L.S. Baldwin Box 884 Killingworth, CT 06419

From the Journals of Constant Waterman



By Matthew Goldman

Mystic Seaport is on my way to work. That's why it's taken me so many years to get there. Aside from applying to work in the boat shop when they hadn't any vacancies, I hadn't been on the property in close to twenty years. Last week [in 2006—Ed] I returned with my son, his wife, and my wide-eyed little grandson.

Much has changed. The whaler, *Charles W. Morgan*, still has a berth and has been spruced up considerably. *L.A. Dunton*, a fishing schooner, and the training ship, the *Joseph Conrad*, were open for business. This latter, a small three masted ship, is distinguished by having glistening brightwork on her. The working vessels had no time for such nonsense, and relied upon heavy layers of paint to stave off rot and weather. A smaller ship, *Providence*, tied off at the pier head by the *Morgan*, allowed no visitors.

A shuttle boat took visitors around The Seaport waterfront. The water taxi took people into the village. *Sabino*, a small, coal powered excursion boat, plied the Mystic River. *Breck Marshall*, a twenty-foot replica of a Crosby catboat, took visitors for short, informative sails. This graceful, gaff-rigged, wooden boat caught the merest breeze with her ample sail and soundlessly glided among the moored boats and markers.

I found myself more interested in watching this lovely boat than going into buildings to admire museum pieces. The workshop is impressive, but I work in a boat shop every day and the novelty has worn thin. I guess I've always been more interested in sailing than in repairing sailboats; more interested in rowing, paddling, punting, poling, what have you. I grew up messing about in boats and I look forward to the next place on my itinerary, even if it's only another gunk hole. Spoiled rotten, that's what I am, and I still enjoy the wind in what's left of my hair. Lord knows, there won't be enough good breeze in the years remaining to me.

I did have a good chat with the blacksmith. Actually, when he found I had been a toolmaker most of my life, he asked me far more questions than I asked him. His shop felt homey to me. In some ways more so than the boat shop. I still have some affinity for metal, I guess, and the forge resembles nothing more than a hearth, or perhaps an altar to worship flamboyant Hestia.

Never allowing the fire to go out has true significance. In olden times, it proved imperative to maintain at least an ember. I've raked the ashes over a fire in a fireplace and returned to uncover glowing coals two days later. The smolder within me has lasted much, much longer. At whiles it bursts into avid flame; at whiles it seems no more than an ascending, grey wisp of yearning. As often as great passion works the bellows, I will respond.

I was speaking of Mystic Seaport. Aside from the bustle of tourism, it seemed rather quiet. A patient white carthorse drew an old coach around and around the reconstructed village. *Sabino* blasted her whistle as she backed away from the pier every half hour, but otherwise behaved. Capstan shanties rang out from one of the ships during the afternoon. And the Crosby catboat whispered up the river. Her sinuous wake nearly deafened me.

The patter of the tour guides as we wandered about the ships proved informative, though it tended toward the romantic. Life aboard square-riggers was generally hell for the fo'c's'le lot. They could expect little more than rigorous work, harsh discipline, and miserable food for months and months and months. These were not yachts.

Restoration makes Mystic Seaport special. Every species of vessel, from dinghy to three masted ship, demands, and receives, the loving attention bestowed by talented shipwrights. The collection of small, restored sailboats, many of them Herreshoffs, is a tribute to these dedicated craftsmen.

Just now, a deckless wooden trawler, *Roann*, stands in the shop, receiving new frames and shear clamps. By next year she will have new decks, a new cabin, a dutiful engine, and be rigged with an auxiliary mast and sail. Her goal is to cruise the eastern seaboard, collecting accounts of fishermen to be published as a book. This is a good thing. Tales of the sea and waterfront always make good reading. One of these days, I might write something similar myself.

(Editor Comments: Since Matthew wrote this four years ago, a major change has been that the *Morgan* is now up on the hard alongside the shipyard building undergoing a major restoration.)

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Activities & Events...

The 30th Annual Urbanna Small Boat Meet May 15-16

This long running event will be on the Piankatank River at Freeport in Gloucester County, Virginia. It is an informal messabout with rowing and sailing races depending on the wind and whim. Limited primitive camping is available. Arrival Friday afternoon is okay. Saturday night there will be a potluck supper and barbeque. Sunday is on-the-water until mid-afternoon. If you come early, take a side trip to the Deltaville Maritime Museum <http://deltavilleva.com/museumpark/>

For more information call John or Vera England at (804) 758-2721, mama5england@hotmail.com



Marathon Awakens The Dragon During Battle In The Bay

The waters off Sombrero Beach in Marathon, FL are to transform into a swift race course for the Battle in the Bay Dragon Boat Festival set for Saturday, May 8. Sombrero Beach offers spectators good viewing from a pristine setting and a unique direct-from-the-beach launch for the sleek, 40' race boats whose elaborate designs originated in ancient China.

Dragon boat racing involves 20 paddlers paddling in unison, a combination of strength and teamwork that attracts men and women of all ages and abilities who possess a competitive spirit and the ability to work together.

Dragon boat racing can be traced back to the fourth century B.C. and the Ch'u dynasty in China. The emperor's personal advisor, Qu Yuan, drowned himself in the Mi Lo River in defiance of the ruler's corrupt and indulgent lifestyle. Local fishermen, in an effort to keep the river's water dragons and fish from consuming Qu Yuan's earthly body, beat drums and vigorously splashed the water with their paddles. The modern dragon boat race is a reenactment of the fishermen's race to save their martyr from the creatures of the deep.

Saturday's action-filled day of racing is divided into qualifying heats, semifinals and finals, more than 25 races. Each team is guaranteed to compete in at least three races.

The festival is free and open to the public, as are a Paddler's Party and Last Splash Island Party.

For more information, contact Karen Bowers at lunarchik@earthlink.net, call (305) 766-1053 or visit www.battleinthebay.org.

6 – *Messing About in Boats*, May 2010

Information of Interest...

1,500 Pyeong of Unnatural Lake

We thought this'd give you a smile or, at the least, a head-scratch. A Korean customer communicated to us through his daughter that instead of two wooden guideboats and two Kevlar guideboats, he'd like four wooden boats and two Kevlar. In dealing with his shipping company I found the address to where they were heading, featured in the photo.

By the way, in the hotel's website they say that there is "1,500 pyeong of unnatural lake around the building". Sounds like 1000 acres to me and perhaps it's just me but rather than unnatural lake, maybe man-made or artificial but, again, that might just be me.

Here's a link to the hotel's website: <http://www.gntour.go.kr/eng/sub.jsp?Mcode=70603>

David Rosen, Adirondack Guideboats, Charlotte, VT



Joining the Modern Era

In an attempt to join the modern era of communication I have started a blog dealing with issues of boat building so I invite any and all responses. Go to:

<http://blackguillemot.wordpress.com/>

Chris Stickney, C. Stickney Boatbuilders Ltd, St. George ME



Rowlocks or Oarlocks?

My copy of the *Sea Explorer Manual* (1950) says the device to connect an oar to a boat is called a rowlock for rowing oars and an oarlock for a steering oar. My copy of the *Blue-jackets Manual* (1940) calls them all rowlocks. Every time I read something about them in a modern publication they are called oarlocks.

Maybe some readers have some comments about this?

Craig Wilson, CA

A White Boat from England

The first boating book I ever read I found in my high school library, and if ever a boy needs an escape it is during those years. *A White Boat from England* by George Millar

remains among the best I've ever read. 2010 will be the one hundredth anniversary of Millar's birth, and he deserves to be remembered. He did much more than sail. After schooling he served in an architectural firm, but became a journalist. He was in Paris in this capacity at the beginning of World War II. Joining the army, he was captured early in the war in Africa, escaped from an Italian prisoner of war camp, and made his way across France and Spain back to the U.K. Then he parachuted back into France to fight alongside the Maquis.

His first cruising book, *Isabel and the Sea*, is the account of sailing and motoring a heavy old ketch from England just after the close of the war, down through the canals of France to Greece with his wife. It provides a great insight to postwar Europe. Millar and his wife were both proficient in French and Spanish, and tell of other intrepid cruisers they met along the way. One, Gwenda Hawkes, who set records in Morgan three wheelers in the twenties, deserves a biography of her own. They had lunch with Maugham, and developed a friendship with the artists Lucian Freud and John Craxton in Greece.

In the early fifties the Millars again set out for Greece, this time aboard a lovely, large cutter, *Serica*. This time they sailed offshore and through the Straits of Gibraltar. They anchored in Brittany, Spain, Portugal, Morocco, Gibraltar and the Balearics along the way. Millar is most modest, minimizing his nautical knowledge, and though he'd been in mortal combat, behaving with the greatest restraint during stressful situations. He is at his best when relating his own and the personal dramas of those they met.

In 1979 he authored *Road to Resistance*, a thrilling account of his experiences behind the lines during the war, and the story of his life before and after. George Reid Millar (1910-2005). wrote and lived very well.

Derek Van Loan, Mill Valley, CA

Blow KoKo Blow or Not! (The Missing Photo Page)

The page of photos opposite should have appeared on page 7 in the March issue. Jim Thayer's report on the annual Kokonaut adventure in the high desert got off to a good start on page 6 with his narrative, but the feature photo page supposed to follow disappeared and was replaced by a rerun of "Adventures in Solid Waste" picked up from the February issue at the printer. How'd this happen? Someone processing the March issue through the electronic maze of today's printing world checked back into the February issue for something and brought back the page 7 from that issue replacing the correct page. I had already approved the proof (via the internet electronically, we are 250 miles apart) so I was unaware of this until the arrival of my mailed copy of that March issue. It was too late then to fit it into the April issue so here it is in May for anyone who might enjoy it.

I avoid unnecessary stress in my life these days by shrugging off this sort of thing as nothing could be done about it. If it mystified any of you when you got to page 8 in the March issue and found the Koko story under way again, now you know what happened. Despite the forgetfulness coming on with my advancing years it wasn't the old editor who slipped up this time.



Mother's Heart Attack", confluence of "Dirty Devil and Colorado. Island is part of the delta exposed by low lake level.



Kim standing in his Dobler dory.



Michael Storer.



Tanner, with Penguin.



Randy and Jake movin' on.



Mike and Michele with Sea Pearl.



Martin's cat with floats of pvc pipe.

Nina and Martin's pvc pipe cat.



Nina and Penguin. Mizzen furled.



When traveling to Maryland's Chesapeake Bay, some of us usually head toward the Eastern Shore, but last year we decided to take a look on the western shore to see what we've been missing. What we found was a very nice medium-size marine museum, in Solomons, Maryland. Solomons is in Calvert County, on Black Creek. The Patuxant River and Black Creek come together at the Bay, and the museum is in a little cove just off the creek.

We arrived on an off-season Sunday in October, and an hour and a half before closing, so we had the place to ourselves for the most part. That gave the lovely and talented Naomi a chance to speak at length with some of the folks that were working there, while I went around taking some pictures. The museum has indoor displays of motors and engines, several types of boats, both working boats and pleasure craft. There is a 1955 Whirlwind Troller, a 28' 3-log canoe, a 1957 Cruise-a-long Angler.

This is a "marine" museum so they also have displays of the fossils that are found in abundance in the cliffs and shores. The Calvert Cliffs are famous for their marine fossils that are found in abundance. Storms wash away the soil and more fossils become exposed to ongoing exploration in several areas in Calvert County. There are movies and interactive displays and computer exhibits of what has been found and what is ongoing,

Calvert Marine Museum

By Greg Grundtisch

as well as other displays of the many types of other fossils found in the area. There are some tanks with local sea creatures, and two river otters that you can watch swim around in their special indoor-outdoor environment. They have a gift shop; touch tank, and a "fossil dig" of sorts, for kids, and some trails that will take you around some of the local fauna and flora.

Outside the log-built bugeye, *William B. Tennison*, built in 1899, is in the water and on display. She was eventually converted to a buy boat, her present appearance, and now takes passengers around the Solomons waterfront on one hour tours. The Drum Point lighthouse is in the center of the outdoor display area, and Capt. John Smith's shallop (replica) was there the day we visited. Visitors can go inside the lighthouse, as we did, and we got to speak at some length with the man who was on hand to answer questions. A boat shed houses workboats of varying types native to the Chesapeake, log canoes, a clam dredge, another a crab scrape to name only a couple.

This museum offers quite a lot for its size. We were pleasantly surprised that it had so much, and wished we had gotten there a few hours sooner to take in more that was available to see. The Patuxant Small Craft Guild works out of this facility. They build boats that were used the local fisheries like skiffs, scrapes, sailing log canoes, river dories. They were working on a Draketail workboat last year.

The Calvert Marine Museum is just a short drive from historic St. Marys, MD, the first colony and capital of Maryland. There the *Dove*, a replica of Capt. John Smith's ship can be seen. There are a surprising number of other historic places and small museums nearby, all within an easy drive from one another. Well worth a day or two visit. The prices for dining and accommodations in Solomons are more moderate than on the Eastern Shore, and the food was just as good.

The museum schedules a number of events, concerts, dinners, shows and has a web site that provides a more detailed overview, with some pictures and archives, time of operation, and things of that nature. A very comprehensive site. Just google Calvert Maritime Museum, for more information.

Thanks to Mr. Paul Berry, the museum librarian, and Mr. Robert Hurry, museum registrar, for answering my many inquiries.

Happy Sails!



A 3-log canoe.

Interior of main boat shed.



Sections of log canoe hulls.

1-log, 2-log, 3-log canoes.



A 1955 Whirlwind.

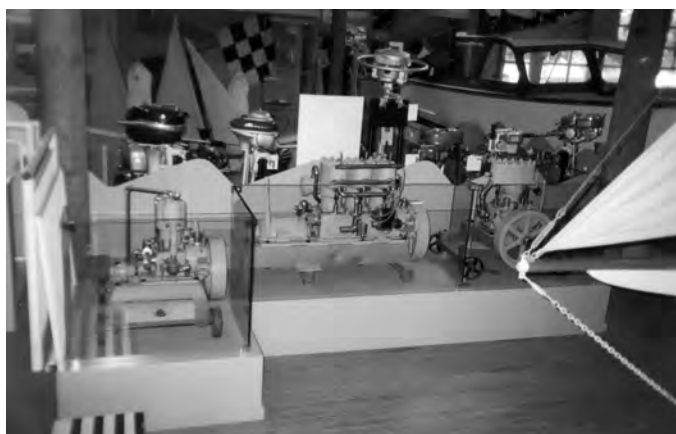




Drum Point Lighthouse and the boatbuilding shop to the left, log canoe on mooring.



Steam engine collection.



Antique outboard collection.

The *Dove* of Maryland with ship's boats.



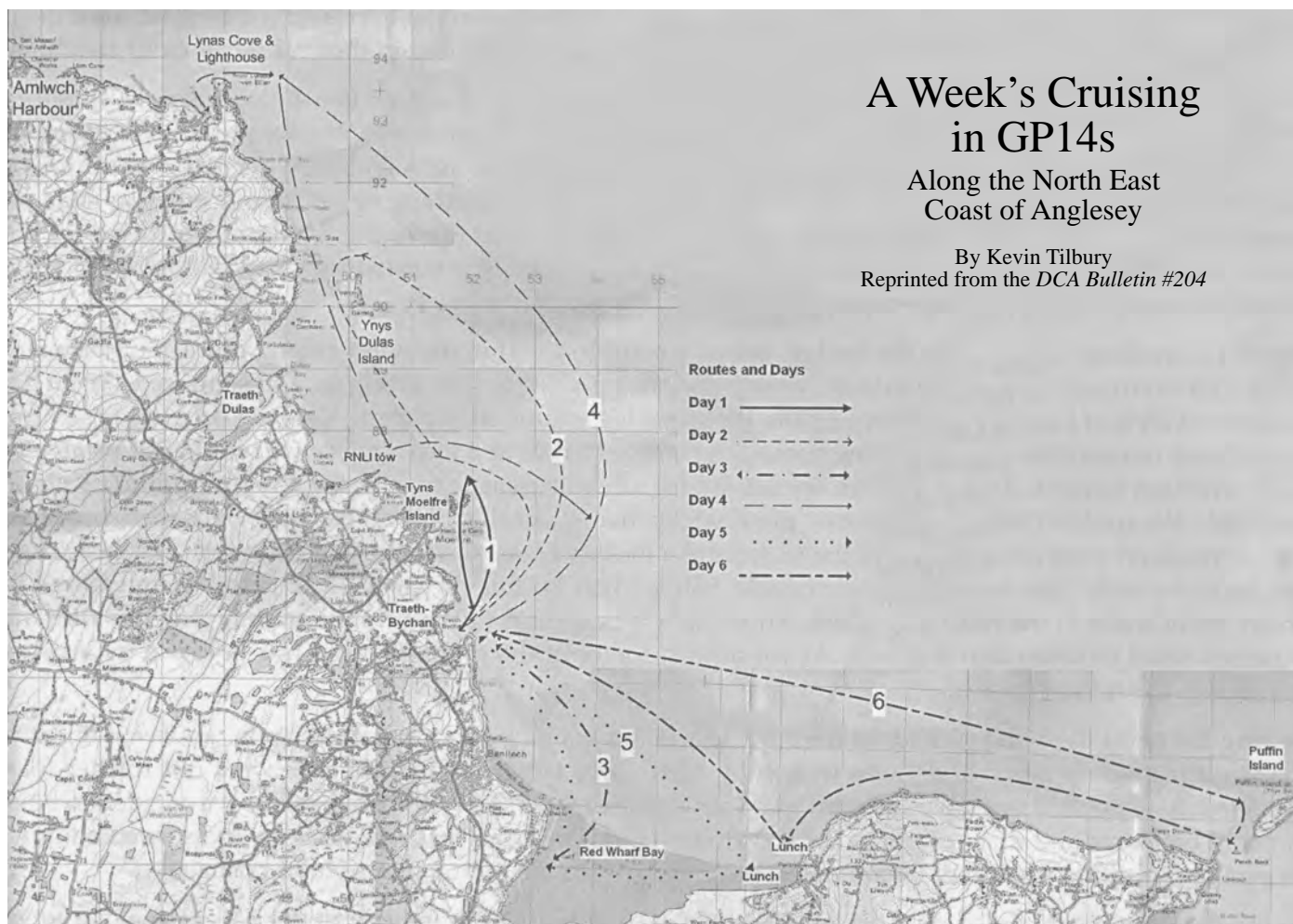
Capt. John Smith's shallop replica.



A Week's Cruising in GP14s

Along the North East
Coast of Anglesey

By Kevin Tilbury
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This is an account of the GP14 Cruising Week held at the Traeth Bychan Sailing Club, Moelfre, Anglesey, August 8 to August 15. This is an annual event held in different locations throughout the country. Since I am new to sailing, I thought I would offer my impressions of the week as crew. There were at least two others from the DCA present.

I was invited down for the week as a non-member of the GP14 Association to gain experience in sailing as I had just bought my

Vintage GPs.



own sailboat but I did not have the experience or confidence to take her out single-handed on the sea. I hoped the week would give me the necessary experience to venture out alone on my return to the Solway Firth. The first thing I noticed about the event was the number of Land Rovers present to tow dinghies.

There was a core of six GPs sailing throughout the week with other boats joining us for day sails. As an outsider I was welcomed by the group even though I was not a member; nor do I have my own GP. There was plenty of socializing throughout the week with barbecues, pub meals, visiting local villages, and social gathering for those who were non-sailors.

Saturday August 8

The sailing started on the first morning, a leisurely sail around Traeth Bychan Bay and around Ynys Moelfre, a small island near to Moelfre. This was meant to be an easy sail but we capsized! I am not sure how it happened. One moment we were taking a small gust of wind, the next moment I was standing on the side deck waist-deep in seawater and crawling onto the boat. A good introduction, I thought. Luckily I had learned capsize techniques in a Mirror 10 dinghy at my local sailing club, so I knew the theory at least. The helmsman was dry, but as I learned throughout the week, the crew always gets wet! I crawled onto the side of the hull but slipped off, disappearing into the water. I reached for the centreboard and found its edges to be sharp enough to cut my skin near the joints (I later had to use gloves as the salt and the pulling on the genoa sheets was not allowing the

cuts to heal). I got onto the centreboard and she came upright again. The self-bailers were down and she cleared of water quickly when sailing again.

The rest of the day was helping out wherever possible. GPs were turning up, there were two vintage boats, one with the #7 on her sails the other with #64, a beautiful finish on both of them. #64 had cotton sails that were very light when sailing. Although supposedly not as fast I thought they suited the GP very well.

Sunday August 9

The next day with more GPs we headed out further along the coast to Ynys Dulas, another island which has a monument erected by the wife of a sailor who died there after being shipwrecked on the island. He was close to land but died of hunger and thirst.

A great sail, with plenty of wind with mixed sea states and good views. I was offered the helm but felt the sea and wind were too strong for my level. We were no longer in the bay and another capsize would certainly dampen my confidence. I did not feel ashamed to refuse the helm. Often when I was sea kayaking I turned back when I thought it too rough; the sea is the only winner and I have nothing to prove. The weather was good and I managed a few photographs. The run back was lively, especially around Ynys Dulas as the tide was on the ebb. After that it was a relaxing sail with the sun beginning to set.

In the evening a few of us went by car to Traeth Dulas, an estuary looking onto Ynys Dulas Island. We wanted to do a reconnais-

sance to check the layout of the estuary at low water as there is a very narrow entrance into the channel at high water. If we strayed from the main channel we might end up on the sand banks on either side. We wanted to enter the channel just before high water so we could navigate the sand bars and have lunch halfway into the estuary then be away again as the tide turned, getting out into deeper water before the channel became unsailable. The mouth of the estuary is wide but the depth can be inches deep over the gravel and sand banks. We got our navigation points by sighting on a few natural landmarks and noticed how the channel zigzagged though the gravel banks.

The estuary had a strange atmosphere. A few fishing boats were decaying on the sands, like beached whales waiting to die; and with the death of the sailor on Ynys Dulas and the decaying boats on the sands the whole area had a forlorn and beautiful atmosphere.

Monday August 10

The next morning was grey and raining. We decided, after our daily 1030h meeting, to do our own thing until the afternoon when the weather would be better. Some of us visited Amlwch by car, with its lovely harbour formed from the natural stone that is cut into slabs and placed on end to form the harbour walls. There was a replica of a warship from the days of Trafalgar, smallest one in their fleet apparently, being renovated and in the process of being sold due to the cost. The area used to mine copper and it was second only to Cornwall in its productivity. A good museum in the Visitors Centre explained a lot more about its history. It was well worth a look.

The helmsman and I returned to Traeth Bychan via a small bay called Lynas Cove/Porth Eilian, next to the Point Lynas Lighthouse. It was one of our intended sails in the week. It was secluded and calm and looked lovely with cliffs either side giving it an enclosed feel with an entrance onto the open sea.

In the afternoon the weather had brightened and we decided to sail around the pub at Red Wharf Bay. It was a nice sail, weaving in and out of the moored yachts and following the red and green buoys showing the channel to the pub; a family in their Wayfarer joined us for the day. After a nice meal we had a good sail back past Benllech's rocky outcrops and cliffs.

Amlwch Harbour.



Sailing back from Ynys Dulas.

Tuesday August 11

The morning started off with great weather. Our destination was to sail again to Ynys Dulas Island and to test our reconnaissance from Sunday and enter Traeth Dulas estuary, but we reached Ynys Dulas well before high water so my helmsman radioed to the rest of the group asking if we would like to continue our sail around Point Lynas Lighthouse into Lynas Cove. All agreed, and the sail there was very enjoyable with a little turbulence from the incoming tide around the Point. On our approach, the lighthouse gave a monotone sound every few minutes. No fog to be seen, it was a clear glorious day. We all got into the bay for lunch, the DCA solo sailor member using his oars, versatile as ever when the wind dropped.

On that day good weather had brought out holidaymakers into the cove who were either kayaking, jet skiing, or sunbathing. One lady expressed her distaste as seven GPs landed on "her stretch of beach". We moored, some anchored offshore, but mostly the GPs were pulled up onto the gravelly beach. They had to be moved periodically as the tide was coming in. We departed at high water.

When we passed the rocky entrance a very different sea state was awaiting us after the short time we had been in the cove. Steady strong winds, heavy gusts, white tops, strong swells and waves, and a very turbulent sea state around the headland of the light-

house. We all tacked/jibed up and down the area waiting for everyone to come out of the cove so we could all return together. Then one GP decided it was too choppy for them and returned to the cove for shelter; the others decided if they hung around too long they would be risking a capsized so they started making their way back along the coast keeping closer to the shore. Two boats had teenagers as crew and it was right that they headed off before the conditions worsened. All got back safely to the sailing club, which showed excellent sailing skills in those conditions.

We were about to do the same when we noticed a GP had capsized. It was the same DCA member who used his oars in the cove. Sailing alone he had tried to reef but had jibed in the process; this and the bucking of the waves had capsized his boat. He was in the churning water (he later described it as like being in a washing machine) trying to right his boat.

I had been in a similar sea state before in my kayak so I was not too concerned about the state of the sea, but I did not know the GP14 dinghy, and I did not know how to crew her very well or what she was capable of. I had never reefed or sailed in such conditions before. Subsequently the helmsman decided to reef the sails. I looked at the bits of string and as he told me what to do using technical sailing jargon I realized I did not know what to do! Eventually I pulled the right bits and she reefed, then he decided to reef again, this time I did it a lot quicker, then he decided to take down the boom altogether. Again I was at a loss what to do, but I did it.

All the time we were being taken down current beam-on to the waves, and being rocked violently side to side with no sails up. I had read that it was best to have some sail up at least to point us into the wind so not to be beam-on to the waves. All I could do was to hang on and let the ride commence.

By now the capsized GP had gone turtle. Its mast was underwater even though it had a buoyancy bag. My helmsman decided to put out a Mayday to the coastguard. We stayed with the capsized boat to make sure he was OK and to wait for the RNLI. I was as much use as an anchor, but at least I could haul him in if/when he needed to come aboard. The helmsman was using his VHF but had the volume down so he could not hear the replies to his broadcasts; at first I thought he was not getting anyone, a bit worrying in that situation.

Point Lynas Cove.



The DCA member finally got his GP righted by himself by the use of a rope with knots tied a foot apart, tied onto the inside of the deck and swam round to the drop-keel, by placing his feet on the hull and raising his body mass just above wave height, and by using his hands to climb the knotted rope the GP righted itself; well done him. I have also to mention he was wearing a dry suit, which kept him dry and warm.

I was surprised throughout the week by how many of the GP members dressed. All had life jackets but with shorts and t-shirts. In a sea-kayaking course we were told to “dress for the sea”, which means a dry suit, or a wet suit, or the very least layered clothing, and a sun hat is a good idea for the sun above and its reflection below; you might bake when sailing, but if you capsize you can easily get numb from the cold too.

The DCA member had righted his boat and was sailing again, his self-bailers letting out the sea as he sailed on with reefed jib only. The RNLI came and, although he was sailing, he accepted a tow back to base. Our helmsman had radioed to them to ask if we could depart from the scene as we were still getting bashed around, by this time we had a bit of genoa up. They agreed and we headed off down the coast towards the sailing club.

As the RNLI boat towed the GP out of sight I realized we were alone on that coast. We were not getting very far past the lighthouse. The ebbing tide had strengthened and so had the wind. Later we found out from the coastguard that it was Force 7-8. As we proceeded it was a case of unfurling the genoa to gain a little headway and reefing when the winds became too strong, leaning out as the waves and wind battered the starboard deck. I was beginning to feel confident and began to enjoy myself. I noticed what looked like a passing dolphin and flocks of birds enjoying the chaos of the sea. I was learning to lean out from the boat by holding onto the genoa sheet alone. The strain on the genoa sheet was immense, and it took both hands and a lot of strength to uncleat and sheet it in.

We reached Ynys Dulas Island finally. It had taken such a short time to reach it earlier but it had taken us about an hour in those conditions. The open bay to the estuary and the island had created a turbulent sea state with a strong ebbing tide all meeting at one point. We had reefed the genoa with only a tiny bit of sail showing. We were worried that the wind would blow us onto the lee shore of the

island, to join the poor sailor whose monument stands there! We let more genoa out and the wind caught it and pushed us through the white tops that were crashing onto us, quite a thrilling ride.

The helmsman said if a tow was offered he would accept it, they must have heard him as the RNLI came back and towed us to the sailing club. That in itself was an ordeal as the spray from the boat drenched us both, I was in the forepeak holding onto the tow rope. The helmsman got a chill from the cold water (wearing shorts and a thin cagoule) and later he said he had the beginning of hypothermia. We could do nothing of course, just accept the spray and the drenching. We could have made it back under sail but the lifeboat, seeing our lowered genoa, thought we had wanted a tow and threw us the towrope. I guess we were taking a long time in getting home, and as it turned out a lot of people were worried back at the sailing club, as no-one knew how many boats were out originally.

Wednesday August 12

The next day we visited the Lifeboat station to say thank you and had a good chat about the previous day's events. They had eleven call-outs that day and advised us to always radio/telephone the intended sailing itinerary before setting out, and to tell them of the return at the end of the sail. The sailing club offered their rescue boat for further excursions!

Since my helmsman was feeling jaded from the previous day's sail, I crewed for the DCA member who had the capsized. It was interesting to compare the different ways a boat was rigged and how they both approached helming and having a crew on board; the experience was all the more beneficial. We sailed on to the sands of Red Wharf Bay. As the tide was coming in we had a quick lunch on the sand bar and when the incoming tide had surrounded us and we were left with nowhere to sit, we sailed into the Bay and on to Red Wharf Bay village where some had another lunch of a liquid kind at the pub. On the way back we passed the rocky cliffs of Castell Mawr, which do have a look of a fortress about them. In the evening there was the official pub dinner.

Thursday August 13

The proposed day's sail started off as a trip to Ynys Dulas but high tide was quite late and the weather looked like it would

deteriorate on Friday so a vote decided we would head to Puffin Island at the mouth of the Menai Straights. The tide was slack when we headed off so the plan was to get there before high tide, sail around Puffin Island at slack water and come back on the ebb tide. We made good time there with a nice swell coming in on our port side. I was given the helm part of the way, which was a surprise and as soon as I had taken it the “crew” decided to hoist the spinnaker as we were a long way behind the rest of the group. I had hoped for some advice and instruction, but all I got was “head for the tip of Puffin Island”, then the crew proceeded to wrap the spinnaker around the genoa and was moving around the boat too much for my peace of mind; in the end I got used to it and enjoyed the sail.

I had obviously grown more confident after Tuesday's trip and the weather was good for me to helm, a slight breeze and sunshine. We kept well offshore to catch any wind and to keep away from any gusts. I was relieved from the helm as we came up to the lighthouse, as the tide race was well underway. The rescue boat advised us not to round the island due to the current so we decided to head back and to find a suitable place to stop for a late lunch.

We still had about 1-2 hours before slack water so the group either kept in/outside of the channel but were making slow progress due to the lack of wind and strong tides. We were losing ground to the rest of the group and then the wind dropped as we reached the beginning of Red Wharf Bay so the rescue boat gave two GPs a tow to the rendezvous point. We moored up to the rescue boat and had lunch at sea then headed back home. I was given the helm again and I really enjoyed the trip back and I felt I was getting the feel of it; not a lot of wind but it was enough for me and I hoped I would get another chance to extend my skills.

Friday August 14

Friday was a no sailing day. People began to pack up and socialize. In the afternoon a few of us had a drive to Lynas Cove and the Lighthouse and saw some beautiful scenery along the way. The wind was strong that day but the sea state was not as rough as when we were there. Later that evening there was a barbeque, which was a nice way to end the week. Many thanks to everyone for a good week's sailing. KT

Lunch at Red Wharf Bay.



Sailing towards Puffin Island



There is a certain iconic aura surrounding American workboats: dory, sharpie, garvey, bateau, sneakbox, skiff. They were honest bread-and-butter boats, and in them, men provided for their families. Not easy. Then there is the New York Whitehall. The Whitehall was a water taxi. When New York harbor was an angler's heaven, rowboats were rented for 25 cents an hour at the foot of Whitehall Street. Were they Whitehalls? Yes if well-built of expensive woods and hardware, they were gentlemen's pleasure boats.

Fine writers like Chapelle and Gardner have introduced readers to the origin and early use of the Whitehall. It was the vehicle of choice for the criminal and mercantile elements as they went about their profitable ways. This early knowledge seems to annoy sensitive New Yorkers. It implied that, early in the century, God-fearing New Englanders rescued the Whitehall from a life of shame. But shame was good business. Several hundred sailing ships entered the port annually, and five hundred brothels were listed in mid-century, some as oyster bars. Lots of rowing around.

On record the last Battery waterman retired about 1935; he sold his boat (\$20) lashed on top of a taxi to New Rochelle, NY. The plan was to do repair work and hang an outboard. There were no follow-up reports.

In the summer of 1939, the Depression was still with us, I was ten years old and somewhat street-wise. We lived on the lower East Side near the Tompkins Square area. Mom would ask "Where now?"

"Oh, to say hello to Pops, look at the boats, then turn around at the Fulton Fish Market."

She had two admonishments: be home for lunch and don't bring home any fish left on the sidewalk. Pop was a blacksmith/woodworker; he made truck bodies, and it being Depression, also made horse-drawn delivery wagons for local bakeries and trades. I would look in and wave to Pops, his advice, "Stay away from bums!"

Past the Williamsburg and Manhattan bridges South Street began, rather it slept. All the big liners were on the Hudson river. Deeper water! Black-hulled freighters came to South Street piers, a rare schooner from Maine or Novi with potatoes. There was one cruise ship. A single stack, clean-looking, all white, took up the pier. People would be shouting and tossing paper streamers to friends on the pier. As the ship reversed into the river, her port side decorated with paper streamers, a few diehards were still tossing paper. There was a lot of war talk in the papers, so I presumed these happy people were going to the Caribbean.

The fun part of the walk was the open vistas between the piers, revealing a very busy thoroughfare. Tugs pushing, pulling or rushing alone on an errand, railroad cars on flats carrying noisy livestock to the slaughter houses, police launches on patrol; but the glory of the parade were the excursion steamers, decks covered with passengers. They were gleaming, white, majestic queens. Regally and swiftly they passed. Naval or Coast Guard vessels were rare.

At the Fulton Fish Market all was quiet, the business for the day long over, men had hosed down the streets, leaving gleaming cobblestones. No one was about on the fishing boats, they were either sleeping or on the town. I looked for names and home ports on the boats, then it was back for home. Sometimes I would pass a cluster of barges, riding high, some with cabins erected at the ends,

The Last Whitehall on South Street—1939

By Stanley T. Markocki

clean washing hanging on a line, window boxes, smoke coming from tin-pipe chimneys, a lady sweeping her front, a bench with two little girls sharing a book. A way of life for many families.

One particular morning, just after passing the bridges where the sanitation trucks were dumping their loads on a barge, I walked closer to the water. There were two businessmen talking and pointing down. Well, so I had a look. It was a smelly area because of the trucks and garbage, a place I normally avoided. I stopped and looked down into a square basin enclosed by huge dressed stonework, very impressive. On the side facing the river was a narrow opening, just wide enough to pass through with shipped oars. From the stone walls hung large, heavy iron rings. Protected from the wash of passing tugs and steamers it created a quiet landing.

Narrow side stairs led down to a wet stone landing, a foot or so wider than the stairs and about five feet long. A very narrow walkway continued along the side of the stairs to the rear wall. I took a chance with the landing, it wasn't slippery, but moored alongside was a mossy-looking float the size of a picnic table. Standing on the narrow walkway in the back was a neat and cleanly dressed girl about my age, talking with a boy, a little older than I, who was enjoying a swim in the calm waters. Another boy, large and noisy, was holding on to an iron ring. I listened to their conversation.

"You're gonna get sick, the water's dirty, my mother said so," said the girl.

"No way," he replied. "Not now, 'cause it's high tide and the water's come in from the ocean, it's salty, can't hurt you." To prove the health benefits of the salinity, he disappeared beneath the surface and re-appeared with a mouthful of water, with which he sprayed the other boy's shoes. "I told ya, salt water, healthy."

"Can you touch bottom?" The large boy asked.

Down went the swimmer again, his head disappearing, then up he came with another mouthful with which he again sprayed the large boy's shoes. "No bottom, feels muddy." The boy then pointed at a few floating condoms. He was going to say something to the girl, when the swimmer said, "Better shut your mouth or I'll tell Eddy, her brother."

"I didn't say nuttink," was the reply.

I turned from this insanity and to the reason why I came down the stairs, the boat in the water that the men at the top were still studying, pointing and talking. One was dressed in a business suit, and the other in a sports jacket, no tie and slacks. He was of stocky build. I figured the office fellow had brought the other man down to examine the boat on their lunch hour.

She was an immaculate, white, yacht-like boat neatly riding what wash came through the opening. Someone who knew his business had secured her to three or four wall rings that kept her neatly riding in the middle of the small enclosure safe from the grubby stone walls. She had not been in the water long, I looked at her waterline, clean, no filthy tarry and slimy residue from the East River.

The boat was spotless, slender and confident, all white, no marks or rubbings, the inside was buff and clean. There was an orange or deep yellow stripe running around her gunwales, no oarlocks or oars to tempt folks. Two thwarts plus sternsheets. Eighteen feet would be max length. Five boats of her size would be all that this small basin could comfortably handle. I thought maybe some rich guy from his yacht rowed in here so he could go across South Street for some supplies. But there was no waiting luxurious yacht outside.

"Let's untie that boat." The large noisy kid suggested.

The intrepid swimmer slowly explained the life-and-death results of foolin' with old man Kerry's boat. Kerry was a waterman. He rowed men to work at the Brooklyn Navy Yard and other places. At night rowed them home. Sometimes he brought sailors over for a good time. I listened. "If you touch his boat, you're dead," the swimmer concluded.

"Yeah," said the girl, nodding in agreement.

"Oh, he's like a taxi driver," was the large kid's enlightened remark.

The men studying the boat were turning away. I heard the large kid in a loud whisper, say to the swimmer, "who's the kid, let's throw him in the water." That was my cue. I turned up the stairs calling out, "Hey, Dad, wait for me." That was the last time I ever wandered over to look into the basin.

Late that summer I made a last trip before school began. I had stopped to watch the big white cruise ship enter the pier. There was a great deal of shouting. Spectators and big burly men at the mooring bits on the street and along the pier, men also shouting from the bow of the ship, and men shouting from two boats below us. One was a large rowboat, hefty, beamy, with one man rowing, another standing and calling up to the ship. The other was similar to the slender white boat I had seen earlier in the basin. It seemed delicate compared to the large skiff. One man rowed and the other, standing up was holding on to a light line that trailed back to the ship, at the end was a monkey fist. The two men at the bits near the watchers pushed the viewers back shouting,

"Gimme room. All right, Larry, heave it." Line-handling needed a sturdy, chunky boat that could absorb two grown men clomping around and banging into ships and piers. Perhaps more so on the Hudson where the big liners were, not part of my wanderings.

The Whitehall that I saw was brand new, with that out-of-the-showroom look. There was work for a water taxi. East River crossings were easier and faster to go from pier head to pier head. Someone was building Whitehalls or similar, past the Navy Yard, in Greenpoint (where the *Monitor* was built) or along Newtown Creek, where the early V-bottom sandbaggers were built, raced by crews, no doubt a ruffian crowd since they also wagered on the winners, frowned on by the yachting group. There were one or two boatyards in the Bronx, below today's bridges, that built small craft for the Navy during the war and then disappeared.

Many plans for the Whitehall exist, different sources and versions. For about five or ten dollars, lines of a 1890 New York Whitehall can be ordered from the Division of Transportation, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C. 20560.

We had driven for hours through the rocky landscape of the Canadian Shield country when we finally reached the left turn off the highway onto the side road heading west toward the North Channel. This was the only road to the small town on the water, and there it would end. We would stop short of the town, at the provincial park described in the tourist information that had drawn us into this odyssey. Maybe we had seen a picture. All we knew for sure was that there would be lakes where no motors were allowed, only hand-powered craft, almost exclusively canoes. The lack of motor power was most important. And we could camp in the wilderness, on the shore of a remote lake, away from the clamor of campgrounds. We had made a reservation for an interior campsite, our canoe was overhead, traveling with us, and we were ready, eager and a little apprehensive, hoping for a pleasant surprise.

Initially it appeared to be a good road, but in less than a mile we crossed the railroad tracks, rounded a bend, and were on a roughly graded dirt track. With nearly forty miles to go, we decided to take it slow and enjoy the scenery along the way. But the scenery was nothing to get excited about, just rocks, scrub and bog, and the road was anything but level and smooth. Now and then there would be a hump in the road, a boulder too big for the road builders to remove, with its bald head sticking above the surrounding dirt. The road had been graded around it so that the track sloped toward the ditch on the other side. Slow was our only choice, with nothing to see but dead trees, bog and bushes, or rocks showing the scars of the road machinery. It was clouding up, looking like rain, and we had not found the park or a campsite. We fervently hoped things would change.

After more than an hour of driving we came to the park entrance and a tiny check-in station not much bigger than an outhouse. The pleasant ranger lady there assigned us a site at the drive-in campground for that night and the next and we went on our way. The campground was not our final destination, just a first stop to have a chance to assess the situation and work up our courage before heading with our canoe and gear through two lakes and into a third. There we would stay for four days. Maybe there we would find a good camping site, one with easy access, a good view and no people. The looks of the campground did not give us much hope, so we drove to the lot near the designated gear

Killarney Discovery

By Hugh Groth

unloading point, at the top of a long, steep, rocky and rutted path to the water.

As we walked out of the trees at the bottom of the path we stopped and stared. There before us was a calm expanse of lake reflecting the blue of the now clear sky, bounded by pink boulders and white cliffs sprinkled with blue-green spruce and white birch. Ravens talked with each other in the treetops and white-throated sparrows sang their plaintive song. A loon laughed in the distance. A feeling of belonging swept over us as we stood and allowed the scene to soak in.

The slight feeling of apprehension did not go away. We were glad to have a chance to collect ourselves before we headed to the interior, as our eventual destination was known. There was no view from our temporary campground site, and it was, as with almost all drive-in campgrounds, noisier and more crowded than necessary. We set up the tent, fixed supper, and headed back to the lake with the canoe. Not a moment of daylight was to be wasted in such a beautiful place.

From the landing all we had seen of the lake was the bay that the campground bordered. Seeing more of that part of the lake could be saved for tomorrow, for our curiosity about what lay beyond was strong. As our canoe cleared the headland we were suddenly in the teeth of an east wind sweeping down the expanse of George Lake. There were more white mountains, sheer cliffs, and pink granite promontories dotted with spruce and birch, and whitecaps on the dark clear water. In the distance we could barely make out what looked like an island. That was the direction we would be heading day after tomorrow, the first of the lake traverses on our way to the interior. It was an exciting prospect.

We spent the next day hiking, swimming, attending a short course on what we could expect on the interior lakes, and of course we explored the bay near the campground by canoe. It was beautifully wild, and yet friendly. Along the way, out of site of the landing, we found a tiny beach with a well-placed "sitting log". From there we could see a little way down the lake, listen to the ravens and smaller birds, and look for beavers and the small fisher animals that like to stay out of sight of campers. Across the lake we could see a canoe pulled up at a campsite tucked up against the cliff. The

three sites on this lake could be reserved for only three nights. While they involved no portaging, they seemed rather public, for all the campground boaters were curious. We wanted more remoteness, more privacy.

In the morning we packed our gear, loaded the canoe, and secured the car in the lot. This day the lake was reasonably calm, even the main lake, and the big white canoe rode steadily and smoothly with all our equipment and us. We were on our way.

Just the other side of the eastern headland we came upon an aluminum canoe stored bottom side up at the base of a rocky, steep climb. Knowing that tiny A.Y. Jackson Lake lay somewhere above that headland, we guessed, correctly, that someone had camped there for the night, but there seemed to be no way up the rocks. Whoever it was must have been determined to camp there, as well as pretty good at climbing while carrying their gear.

The lake was several miles long, and indeed we had seen a small island near the east end. Behind the island was a small dock at the take-out for the first portage. Although this was a welcome luxury, the dock made it feel a little less remote. Obviously this was a popular route for canoeists. Often people would paddle and portage out a lake or two as a day trip, and most went through this spot.

The portage was short and easy, and we were soon into Freeland Lake. Not appearing to be as pleasant as George Lake, it was nearly covered with lily pads, which made paddling a bit difficult. Yet it was a pretty lake in a way, with the variegated green, orange and yellow of the water lilies and the birch forest climbing up from the rocky shore. Narrow, and only about a mile in length, it was a perfect place for nesting loons, and we saw several, keeping their distance from us.

The landing at the next portage was shallow, with oozy mud underfoot as we stepped into the water from the canoe. Here is where we discovered, too late, that we had too much equipment. Even with the paddles and some of the lighter, bulkier items tied into the canoe it still took three trips for me across an approximately quarter-mile of a sometimes hilly, sometimes soggy portage, while Mary Anne struggled with the ice chest of food. At about the halfway point she put the thing down and sat on it for a bit. Just then the next canoe party came along, with an older man in front and a younger man and a boy carrying the aluminum canoe.

When the leader, and he definitely was the leader, saw Mary Anne he said, "It's a good

George Lake takeout.



Killarney Park.



idea to take a bit of rest.” They were the ones camped at A.Y. Jackson Lake, obviously experienced, since the portage for them required just one trip across. In fact the older man had been to Killarney many times, always camping at A.Y. Jackson the first night. This time his son and grandson were with him. Thereafter in our references to them he became the “Captain”. By the time we finished reloading the canoe at the end of the portage they were well on their way with the Captain in the front of the boat, but not paddling.

We were now at the end of the outlet channel for Killarney Lake. The path ran along the creek that emptied into Freeland. Once again in the canoe, we wound our way back and forth through several small bays on the way to the main lake. There were two or three empty campsites in this area, each on a point of land, and low to the water for easy access. They were nice enough as camping spots go, but for the most part there was no view except for water and woods. Our reservations were not for a specific campsite, rather we were merely assured of a site somewhere within an area of one or two lakes. These sites were within the Killarney Lake area where we were reserved. We were hoping we would not have to come back here to find a site when at last we paddled through a narrow spot between two large rocks and into the stunning beauty of the main lake.

From the map we knew we were in a large bay with a designated campsite close to where we now were, and one on each of the two shoulders of the bay. It would be ideal if we found the site to the right available, for we would have long views in both directions. As we rounded that point there was a tent. The site was occupied, and yes they intended to stay for a while.

We looked across to the opposite point, and thought we saw a tent there as well, although it was quite a distance away. Not wanting to paddle another maybe half-mile to the next site up the lake to the east we headed over to check on it. Indeed, there was a tent, but the site did not really look lived in. As we pulled alongside a man came out of the tent and hailed us. Mary Anne quickly realized, “It’s the Captain”. The little group was headed on to OSA Lake, and had stopped only long enough for the Captain to take a little nap. It seems he needed to take care of his ailing heart and needed “to take a bit of rest”. And yes, we could have that site. They packed their tent, helped us unload, and were on their way.

As we began to relax it became obvious that we had discovered the finest site on the lake, maybe the best campsite we had ever found. The best place for the tent was high and level at the top of a rocky ledge gently sloping down to a point with many spots to sit and soak up the scenery. There was an easy canoe take-out on the bay side so that wind would be less of a problem, and we quickly found a proper tree limb from which to hang our food bag to protect it from bears and other critters. We could wake to the sunrise over the east end of the lake just by opening the tent flap. And the weather was clear, warm and dry. It was perfect.

But this was not to be our last discovery. While there is nothing like a picnic table or fire ring on these sites, the park does provide what they deem to be a “comfort station”, generally an outhouse, or more often only a box in the woods with a hole in the top and a cover to keep the seat dry. That is what

we had. The site was on a reasonably narrow rocky point with water on both sides and since they keep such places far from the water it was quite a walk, especially in the dark, back through the woods to get to it. Not a good idea to drink too much water before we crawl into the tent for the night. But where else could we meet our needs while enjoying a tranquil view of the woods with no possibility of anyone passing by?

Loons frequently visited or maybe nested on this lake. All that first evening and most of the night we were treated to a concert of excited tremolos and long, wailing calls from loons not far away, then answering calls from others down the lake. During the next several days they came close to our camp on the point and called to each other in low hoots, then continued their music after dark. This is the unequalled song of the north country, something we had longed for, and it enhanced rather than disturbed the quiet of the night.

On more than one night, once the dark had completely enveloped us, we sat on the point and marveled at the quantity of stars. There was the brilliant white band of the Milky Way, and so many other stars filled the sky that we could not discern many constellations, not that we knew many very well anyway. We hated to go to bed and give up the star show, the warm night with the water gently lapping against the rocks and the music of the loons from across the lake.

The South La Cloche Mountain range runs northeasterly through the center of Killarney Park beginning on Manitoulin Island and the North Channel at the northeast corner of Lake Huron. By most standards they are merely hills. Silver Peak, the highest in the range, has an elevation of only 539m (1,768’). And yet Killarney, OSA and unseen other lakes in the park are bound on both sides by folds of white quartzite peaks with steep cliffs that rise straight out of the water. George and Freeland lakes, and others along the south boundary of the park, have large pink granite boulders heaped one on another forming their south shores.

The north shores, most evident on George Lake, have the high white cliffs; although where the shore is lower it is covered with birch and spruce as on Freeland Lake. The markedly different shorelines are indicative of a geological fault line running along the south side of the park. Everything is rock with very little soil covering even in the crevasses, so the few trees have difficulty finding a foothold. The diversity of the shores and the bare rock only tends to emphasize the feeling of high mountains, and their white tops shining in the sun and reflected on the lake surface create a panorama of great beauty.

We spent the next four days in perfect summer weather, unhurried and appreciative of the quiet. Once camp chores were done we could sit quietly on the point, sometimes reading or writing, or often talking with each other about what was important in our lives, and we were not interrupted. In the early morning or after the wind died in the evening we would take a canoe ride along the shore to explore the lake a bit. There were others on the lake, but all we could see of them was a glint of sun on a canoe pulled up at a low spot along the shore with no other sights or sounds of people.


Occasionally a canoe party would travel east along the shore out of the inlet on their way to the east end campsites, or possibly to more remote lakes. A few canoes came by

us on their way to OSA Lake, so we decided one day to paddle to the portage, walk across and take a look. That lake had more islands to give it interest, and otherwise was about the same size and much like the one where we were camped. Maybe if we came back another year we would give that one a try. Apparently we were becoming a bit more confident.

All too soon it necessarily came to an end. We packed our gear and paddled back through the lakes as we had come. We had done it, had camped in the interior, and the experience had changed us. We knew we would be back.

In fact, we did go back some ten times, always with a different plan, not always fulfilled as we hoped, but things went well enough that we returned again and again. We became seasoned campers, like the Captain, relishing the good times and accepting the difficulties as we found them and we learned that we could live well with a smaller tent and less stuff. Within a few years the road was straightened, leveled and paved, and the tiny check-in station was replaced with a stereotype park office and visitor center. The park got busier and it was harder to obtain reservations. We realized that though the north country kept calling us back, we would never be able to surpass the pleasure and tranquility of that first year of discovery.

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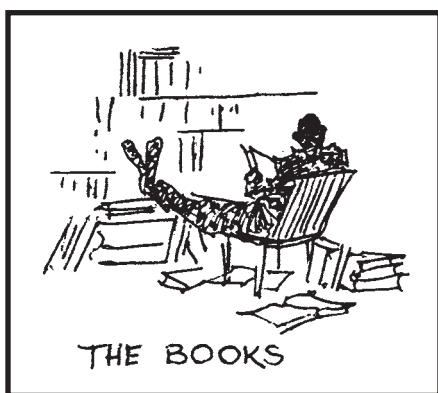
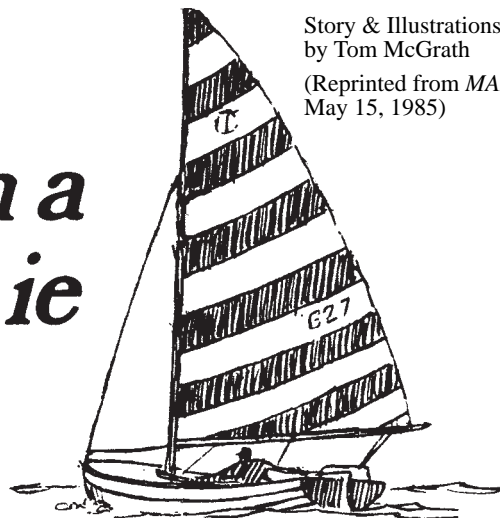
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Story & Illustrations
by Tom McGrath
(Reprinted from *MAIB*,
May 15, 1985)

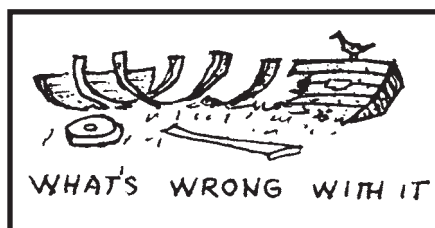


I read too many sea stories. That gave me the craving. After the books, I found myself unexplainably down by the seashore staring out over the water. I began neglecting things I should have been doing. Most of the time, I didn't know what I was doing. I agonized over neglected boats left in backyards and on their moorings. "People shouldn't do that," I kept mumbling to myself. The inevitable day arrived when I finally gave voice to this confounding madness by screaming, "I've got to get a boat." From then on I regained a little control of myself. I was still half mad, mind you. I knew what I was doing part of the time.

I began my inquiries at the local yacht clubs. This left me with the impression that the majority of the members know less about boats than I did. And I admit knowing nothing. Everyone I turned to for information

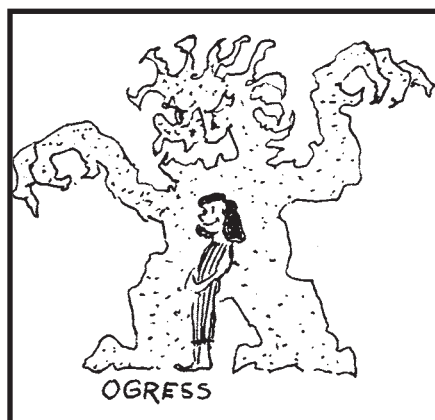


stopped me dead in my tracks. Mostly with a blunt, "Can't help ya mister." Perhaps they sensed it was my first boat and were trying to administer a merciful cure, but in older people like myself, it has to run its prolonged course. Children should be exposed to boats as early as possible to avoid this in later life.

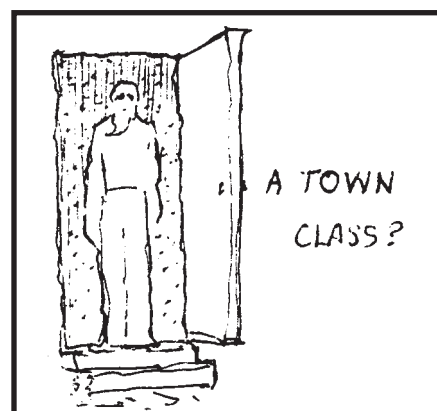


When I found a boat for sale and asked the final question, "What's wrong with it?", the answers were: "There's no rigging."; "No sails."; "Transom's rotted."; "It doesn't have a bottom."; "Hogged"; "Fastenings are all gone."; "A little work and a little money will fix her up." I didn't want to work. I wanted to sail and I didn't have any money.

I was finally told by Clarence, the Warfinger, to go see John, who lived in an old weathered house on the cliffs of Nahant. When I knocked on the door, it was opened by a smiling, gracious middle-aged lady who was about to invite me in when I asked if I could speak to John about buying a boat. Her



face went blank and she turned into a terrifying hobgoblin. "Oh, those damn boats!" She whirled and sped back into the interior

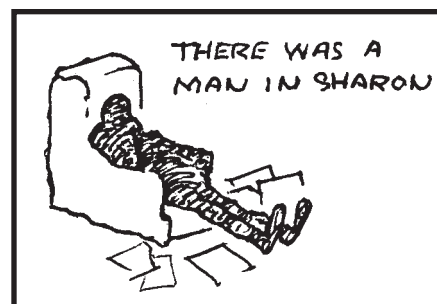


of the house still breathing fire and screaming, "John, somebody's here to see you about your goddam boats." I knew I had found the right place.

A tall, calm, white-bearded man replaced the hobgoblin in the doorway. "A Town Class sailboat, you say."

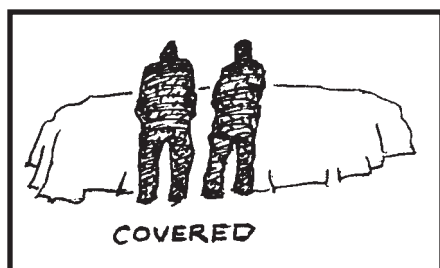
"Yup."
"Will you race it?"
"Yup."
"Have you raced before?"
"Nope."
"Done much sailing?"
"A little."
"You'll have to sail before you can race."
"I figure I'll learn both at the same time."

We laugh with each other and at each other, good-naturedly. "Well, first we'll have to get you the boat. Come in and sit down. I'll be right with you." He left and came back shortly talking to himself and carrying a stack of papers. "I have an old list here of boats for sale. Some may still be available." Several phone calls with no luck. "Now this is the list



of people who don't use their boats." More calls. No luck. He put the phone down and lounged back in his chair, eyes half-closed, searching his memory cells. His eyes flashed open and with a voice from another world he said, "There was a man in Sharon..."

I thought he was beginning a limerick until he began dialing. That call proved fruitful. The boat had not been sold. It was still there. Asking \$700 for it. I told him I would be down tomorrow to look at it. I went home and took my vacation pay, \$300, and my income tax refund, \$300, and decided to offer him \$600. I went and looked at the boat. It was covered upside-down on wooden horses. I couldn't tell much by looking at it. By this



time I was willing to buy anything I could put in the water. He told me he hated to sell it, but they were selling the house and moving. His wife wouldn't sail with him and it required two to race... etc. When he finished, I offered him \$600 and he accepted. I would come over that weekend with a trailer and take it away.

I went over to Tudor Wharf in Nahant to talk to the Harbormaster, a short pudgy fellow.



"I'd like to drop a mooring in the harbor."
"A lot of people would. We don't have room."

"I joined the Dory Club to race in the Townie fleet."

"You can put in at Lynn Harbor."

"That's too far away. The Townies race here."

"Can't help ya."

"I'm looking for a chain for mooring."

"There's a chain there on the floor."

"How many feet will I need?"

"Thirty feet. That's thirty. You'll need a float and a pennant. The float's over in the corner. Can you splice? There's line there too, help yourself. That'll be \$30. You can't get chain for less than \$1 a foot."

"Will you take a check?"

"Sure. Get yourself a 50lb mushroom."

"Where do I put it?"

"Right behind that powerboat close to the rocks. I'll put it in for \$15."

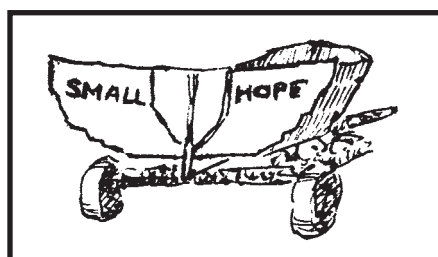
"I'll let you know." (Son of a shark!)

I never put a mooring together before. When I finished, I dropped the whole thing in that night and hoped it worked.

I rented a trailer and got two of the strongest friends I could find. We piled into



the '69 Ford whose mileage had gone twice around the hundred thousand mile mark. The trip to Sharon sparkled with talk of what can be done with a good, well-found vessel. I could smell the sea. When we arrived, Jack came out of the house and took us around back. We stood around a bare hull, 16 1/2' long upside-down on wooden horses, with no bottom paint and the glass was bubbled on the sides. Glass over wood. Thirty years old and out of the water for two years. We stared at the boat and then at each other. No one spoke for a long time. On the stern was lettered *Small Hope*. I coughed to break the silence



and said insincerely, "Looks fine to me." The three looked at me sympathetically. I didn't care. I just wanted something to put in the water, I kept telling myself.

We turned it over and struggled to put it on the trailer. Set the mast and boom on top. Rudder and sheets. Tied everything down. Shook hands and began the journey to the sea. I talked to the car, "If you just get my boat to the water, I'll change your oil and give you a full tank of gas", realizing I'm always asking an awful lot from ancient things. 35mph on the highway and 15mph through the towns put a long parade of cars behind me. We made it to the ramp. I thanked the car, emptied the boat and backed it into the water. Paddled it around to a ladder on the wharf wondering whether I should have done something to it to make it seaworthy. I felt I couldn't do enough for it, but didn't know what to do. I lashed it to a piling and dropped the mast in from the top of the wharf, pinned the stays, secured the boom and set the rudder in place.

Three old Wharfingers were leaning on the railing above peering down like turkey vultures. "Got no bottom paint on that boat, sonny."

"Don't have time. Put it on later."

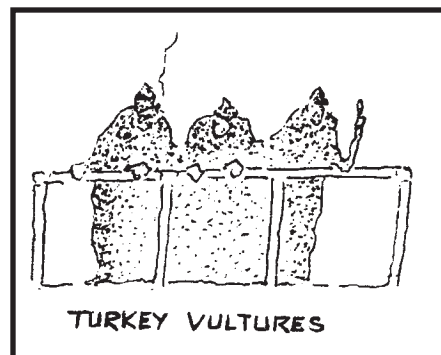
"Where you goin'?"

"We're sailing out to see the Tall Ships leave Boston Harbor."

"Should let her swell up first."

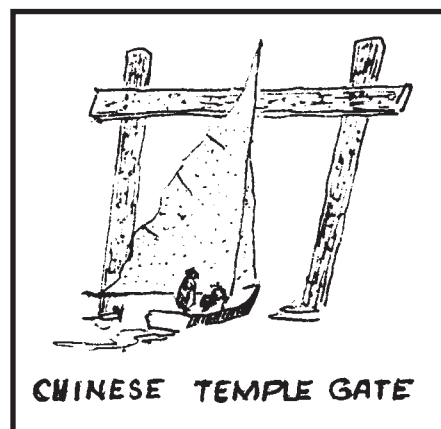
"Haven't got time." I mumble to myself, can't they see I'm possessed.

"You should break those bubbles on the side. They look like hell." I don't respond so



they chatter among themselves. Wait'll I cast off and sail smartly across the harbor.

My two shipmates climb down and scramble aboard. "Lower the centerboard," I command. It's released from the cleat and let go, slamming down with a jarring crash that must have loosened up everything. The boat settles with a groan. It's taking on a little water. Hell, all boats leak a little. Raise the main. Raise the jib. Pull in the sheets and cast off. The boat swings off the wind and heads between two pilings coming to a dead stop. The crew looks at me for an explanation. I wiggle the rudder. It seems free. We all look over the side into the water. Can't see a thing. The sail is full and we're standing still. I look up smiling sheepishly at the Wharfingers' stone faces. One raises a finger skyward. We all look up. A cross-beam is fastened to the two pilings like a Chinese temple gate.



The mast is pinned against it halfway up by the wind. We lower the main in an unseamanlike way, pulling the boom and sail out of the water. Then the jib is pulled down while the boat tries to make it as difficult as it can. We paddle and push away from the pilings and start drifting toward the whole fleet of moored boats in the harbor. Raise the main. Fend off. We wend our way through. Broad reaching. Jibing. Running and fending off with pole and paddle.

When the last boat is behind us, we can see the first of the square riggers gliding out of Boston Harbor. I set a course for Graves Light to intercept them. The wind is light. The crew starts bailing leisurely. More and more ships appear. Beautiful sight. They are moving faster than we are. The first ones will pass well ahead of us. We sail on and bail on. I'm wondering if all boats leak a lot. The sun descends and the ships sail by, well ahead of us. We won't intercept even the last one. But it's worth it even to be this far to see them leave. There's magic in seeing a ship from the water.

We decide to turn back when we realize it is hopeless to pursue them any longer. Now

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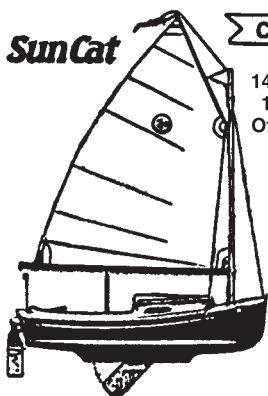
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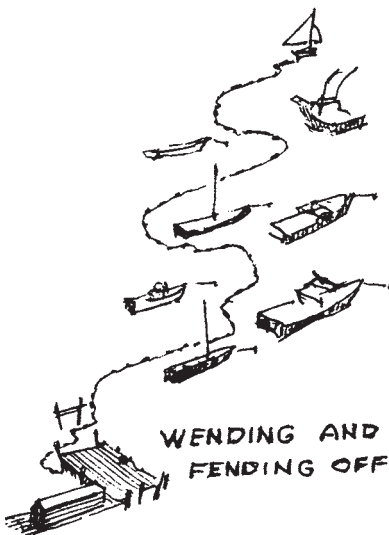
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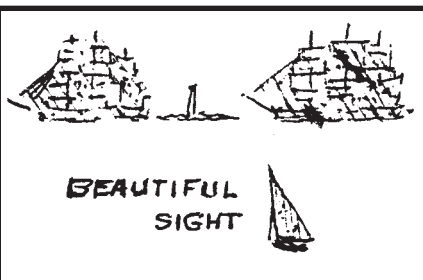


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the wind pipes up. We have to beat into it. Whitecaps begin to appear. An outgoing tide creates a two-wave pattern and where they cross the water rises steeply and breaks. We begin to take water over the bow. The bailing is steady and serious now. The crew grab the two life jackets and I wonder if the rudder



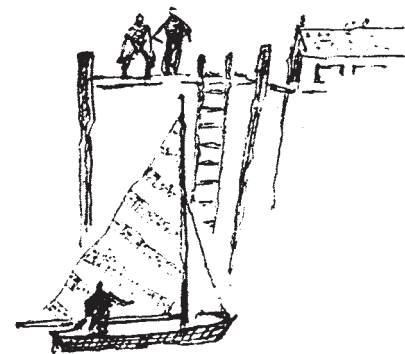
will float. Otherwise, I'm going to follow the tradition of the sea. The boat bursts through some waves, riding over others, slamming into the troughs. Fear begins to shoulder my madness aside. I begin to consider turning tail and running before it, driving the boat up onto Revere Beach and leaping out to safety.

That's a panic move. I'm only afraid now. I have terror to go through to get to panic. You don't abandon your first boat. I'm being tested. Roll, pitch and bail mates. We're all wet, cold, tired and fearful; wondering when the boat is going to disappear for good beneath the waves. The wild tolling of the bell at Flip is heard off the bow, the beam, and shortly the stern. We're soon in the lee of

**A GRAB FOR
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the harbor, through the moored boats and up to the wharf. The mates gratefully scramble up the ladder, turn, and look down at the lunatic at the tiller.



I'll take the boat to the mooring. Be in shortly. The sail fills and I head for the rocks. I'd better hit that mooring right or I'm in trouble. Damn Harbormaster. I ride right over the pennant, let the sheets go, scramble to the bow while I drift back on it. I don't know why I did it that way but it worked, securing it to the bow cleat, I lowered the sails. Raised the centerboard. Unshipped the rudder. Tied and coiled the lines and bagged the sails. I was just about to throw myself in the water and swim ashore when a voice cried out, "Hold on there sonny, I'll give you a lift in." A pram pulled alongside. I threw the sailbags in and climbed in myself. "Have yourself a nice sail?"

"Great." How many mistakes have I made that I haven't paid for yet? On shore, I looked out at the boat and had a strange feeling that I wouldn't see it there tomorrow when I came back.



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Solid Waste had proven herself a fine craft for our uses and with the new motor and in its revamped appearance we proceeded to roam farther afield on our trips. On this occasion we decided to try fishing in Ipswich Bay, just off Plum Island. We trailed up to Newburyport and launched at Cushman Park. On this occasion DJ had decided to take along his older daughter Eva, who was about eight or nine years old but looked younger because she was small for her age. We made our way to the mouth of the Merrimac River and, heeding the advice of the locals, favored the Salisbury side as the jetty shielded us from the worst of the standing waves in the center of the channel.

In Colonial times the port of Newburyport was of similar size and importance to Boston and was considered a good port because of the river's broad and gentle mouth which, as older records show, wandered about some so that the area now known as the basin was actually the river's mouth. But the shifting sandbars were too much for the Army Corps of Engineers to tolerate so they constructed a pair of rock jetties to stabilize the river entrance and provide a deep channel for ships. And so they did, but in the process made one of the worst entries on the East Coast, with the river current flowing against the incoming tide, on occasion forming standing waves that swallow up the channel marker buoys and terrify sailors in small craft. But it is something that locals seem to have become accustomed to.

We cleared the river mouth and headed out to sea for about three or four miles to get to deeper water and find out what lived there that would bite a baited hook. The first few nibbles resulted in some undersized results that we decided were about the right size for bait, so we rigged a couple and waited. The first big tug was really exciting and after a considerable time of struggle the fish came into view. It was a sand shark or spiny dogfish, considered by most fishermen as undesirable and somewhat of a nuisance because

On a sail in my Sea Pearl out of Carter Wharf down the Rappahannock River I tacked a short way up the Occupicia Creek, but gave up when the wind decreased to Force 2. The creek meanders about six miles from the Rappahannock River. It is on my wish list to kayak but there is no public access on the creek.

We have had other good news this year (2009) on public access. A new kayak and canoe launch has been built on Mount Landing Creek by the Rappahannock Wildlife Refuge. Mount Landing Creek is over three miles long with only one house near the mouth. Also, two other boat ramps have been rebuilt, Bouman's Creek and Totuskey Creek. Who would have thought that during a recession resources would have been put into public access?

Lancaster County is the richest county on Virginia's Northern Neck based on waterfront development, yet it has no public access to the Chesapeake Bay. When one landowner offered to give the county a 20-year lease for public access to the bay, the offer was quickly shot down by nearby wealthy homeowners!

Sailing the Sea Pearl back to Carter Wharf, I saw a Hobie Cat sailing. It is a rare event to see a sailboat upriver from Urbana on the Rappahannock River. Following a gust of wind, I looked back and the Hobie had flipped. I sailed back to offer help. The lone sailor could not right it so I took him aboard and started to tow the Hobie under sail. We were making very little or no prog-

Adventures in *Solid Waste*

Part 5

By Henry Szostek

they were not very good eating and, as sharks go, not very intimidating either.

The average sand shark is about 4' long and maybe 35 or 40 pounds in weight and does not really put up as showy a fight as a striped bass of the same size would, but we had one on the line and figured to at least bring it aboard and inspect it. As the fish came into clear view, DJ delighted in teasing his daughter by saying, "Look out, Eva. It's Jaws." This was just enough to set little Eva into orbit and she began saying, "No, Daddy, don't bring it into the boat," but that only encouraged DJ, who took great delight in teasing his daughter. Well, as we gaffed the shark and hoisted it into the cockpit Eva made her way over the top of the house and onto the foredeck where she stood loudly proclaiming her objections.

As the day wore on a few more were caught and, as we did not want to eat them or even catch them for that matter, we released them. We used one for bait and I brought one home and tried to cook it (not my favorite fish). It soon became apparent that they were attracted to the spectacle of their friends being caught and they all decided to give it a try themselves one by one. After the fifth or sixth one came up in a row we decided to give up trying to catch anything else and quit for the day.

By this time Eva had become more used to the sight of sharks bigger than she was and actually came into the cockpit and agreed to touch one of them as we held it, and she decided that it was probably not going to eat her. Eva, even at this tender age, knew that her father was capable of seemingly strange behavior that usually ended up in some kind

of adventure, wanted or not, but usually memorable nonetheless. For example, DJ had taken the family on camping trips and cross country skiing trips and, when these became too familiar, ventured into winter camping with the double-layered tents and the high-tech down-filled sleeping bags that made it possible to actually camp out in sub-zero weather and survive to brag about it.

This fishing trip became just another one of many that we enjoyed in *Solid Waste* and might have been completely forgotten about except for what it led to. One day DJ got a telephone call from Eva's school counselor who asked him to come to discuss some strange behavior that his little girl was beginning to exhibit. "Mr Jones," she began, "we have reason to believe that Eva might be disturbed."

"Oh no, my little girl mentally ill?" said DJ. "What did she do or say that makes you think so?"

"Well," said the school counselor, "she tells these wild fantastic stories that are pure fiction and clearly impossible situations."

"Like what, for example?" he asked.

"Well she claims to have gone camping in a tent on her Christmas vacation in the deep snow when it was freezing outside."

"Why yes, we did that," said DJ.

"And she claims that she went out in the middle of the ocean with her father and his friend and they were catching sharks that were bigger than she was and bringing them into the boat with them."

"Well yes, we did that," replied DJ.

At this point the counselor stopped and became quite agitated and said, "What kind of a monster are you to do that to your little girl?"

The counselor corrected Eva's records and made a note about her father instead. It is a shame that some people who live within a mile of the ocean have never ventured out upon it and have no idea of what it is like to experience simply being out in a boat and just messing about for no particular reason except to be there.

To Be Continued

On the Water on the Virginia Shore – 2009

By Floyd Thompson
sandbarsail@yahoo.com

ress against the current. I got out the oars I made for the Sea Pearl. I had scarfed a piece of 2"x2" fir to 7' oars to make 9 1/2' half oars. I used a bolt for a thole pin and a small rope around it to hold the oar, leaving part of the scarfed-on section square. This did not improve our speed very much.

I had recently bought a Torqueedo 2hp electric motor. I have a 5hp Honda for my Rhodes 19. In recent years I have only used it about half the time and had started to store it up forward. I plan to use the Torqueedo on my Rhodes 19, canoe, and Sea Pearl. On this early season outing my Sea Pearl was not registered, but I got the motor out of its bag and hooked it up. With sails, rowing, and Torqueedo we made it back to the Hobie's launch site.

Every year Yankee Point Marina auctions off about 40 boats for charity. Locals sell unwanted boat gear before the auction. I always feel good when I come home without a boat but with some gear. But about seven years ago I did bring home a Rhodes 19 keel version for \$150. I could not pass it up as it had a new set of sails. This year my Rhodes 19 centerboard version's sail wore out so I

switched to the auction boat sails. I did notice some improvement with the new flatter sails. I was able to sail closer the wind.

The old Rhodes sets out back in the woods. From time to time I think about fixing it up and making the cockpit seats more comfortable. It seems good boat designers never get the cockpit seats just right.

I read two books by Massachusetts seamen this year. The first is *The Autobiography of a Yankee Mariner* by Christopher Prince. Prince was an able-bodied seaman at 16. He came of age during the American Revolution. Captain Prince gives rare insight into the war at sea during the Revolution. He was captured three times by the British Navy. Once he was set adrift off the Virginia Capes in January in a ship's boat with three other men. They made their way to shore and dragged the boat across the beach into North Carolina sound and finally got to Norfolk.

The other is *A Doryman's Day* by Captain Barry Fisher. In 1946 Captain Fisher went dory fishing when he was 17 aboard a Grand Banks schooner. You knew they had long days when lunch was served between 9:30am and 10:15am! Captain Fisher said of his dory mates, "They were physically tough and courageous. Most were generous to a fault. They were, without a doubt, the best small boat seamen I have ever seen and, along with the Portuguese dory men, probably the best the world has ever seen."

The Miles River on Maryland's Eastern Shore is one of my favorite Chesapeake Bay watershed cruising grounds. This narrative is about my last cruise of 2009 on the Miles River. Two sailors and two boats, with nowhere to go in particular and with a lot of time to do nothing.

Norm Wolfe met me with his boat, *Piilu*, at my home in Edgewater Maryland on Thursday, September 17, 2009. We towed in company to the town ramp at St. Michael's, Maryland. After putting both boats in the water and parking the cars and trailers, we moved to the head of the harbor and moored to the bulkhead next to the road. While we were eating lunch a couple walked by. We started chatting: they about our boats and us about home ownership in St. Michael's. Rich and Peggy had never seen a Normsboat or a Peep Hen before. They told us where we could find some really good real estate deals in St. Michael's... if we had the money. For those who have not heard of or seen St. Michael's, let me say that real estate has become VERY expensive ever since this 1800s fishing village was "discovered".

Lunch finished, I started my 2002 Nissan 5hp outboard and took *Piilu* in tow. We motored down the harbor towards the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum and the Miles River. The winds were strong, puffy and on the nose. Captain Nissan began complaining, running rough and coughing. It stopped running at the town fuel dock. I started it three times and every time I put it in gear it coughed and stopped. Norm, sensing the precarious situation, cast off and sculled his way across the 150' wide body of water and moored to the transient dock on the opposite side. Meanwhile, I continued to have a discussion with Capt. Nissan and his unwillingness to work. Did I mention *Terrapin* and I were drifting down onto an enormous presidential-looking, white hulled, motor yacht moored to the fuel dock. At one time I was within 10' of the yacht.

I managed to get the motor running enough to limp across the harbor and join Norm at the opposite dock. What could be wrong? I went through a mental troubleshooting checklist and decided it had to be the spark plug. I had experienced a similar problem with Captain Nissan back in August 2003. Changing the plug then fixed the problem. A new plug was installed in ten minutes. Captain Nissan started and ran smoothly, ready to answer all bells. I made a mental note to self, maybe I should change the plug more than every six years! Then I said, nah, if it ain't broke, don't fix it!

As I was getting ready to get underway again, I took a minute to study the "enormous" white yacht. It was long, with a clipper bow and bowsprit. It had a beautiful two-story deckhouse made of highly varnished vertical wood planks. It also had two masts and two very large global antennas mounted topside. I had never seen anything like it before. I told Mary about my encounter with the white yacht after I got home on Saturday. She reached for the local Annapolis newspaper, *The Capital*. There on the front page of Friday's paper was a picture of Johnny Depp's 156' motor yacht, the *Vajoliroja*, moored at St. Michael's. I can only image what Captain Jack Sparrow would have thought if he had been aboard and peered over the side of his 156' *Vajoliroja* seeing my 14' *Terrapin* closing rapidly. Stand by to repel boarder! *Vajoliroja* was built in Istanbul in 2004 and

Last Cruise of 2009

By John Zohlen
Reprinted from the *Shallow Water Sailor*

named by combining the first two letters of each of Depp's family member names, including himself.

With the excitement over, we got underway again. Norm, wishing to dissociate himself from this lubberly sailor, declined a tow out of the harbor. Once clear of St. Michael's we sailed with a puffy 10-12kt ENE wind across the Miles River. We rounded Fairview Point to port and proceeded up Leeds Creek to the first cove on the eastern shoreline. I sailed in and anchored close to the northern shore to take advantage of the lee provided by the trees. *Piilu* moored alongside. Happy hour was observed with a discussion of the lessons learned in our dramatic sortie from St. Mikes. *Piilu* got underway after a joint supper, for her night anchorage a few boat lengths away. It was a peaceful night.

Friday morning started out overcast. *Piilu* came alongside and we ate pancakes for breakfast. We raised anchor at a gentleman's hour, 0930, and began sailing down Leeds Creek to the Miles River. The winds were now SE, 10-12kts. We sailed up the Miles River on one beautiful, four-mile long tack to the Highway 33 bridge at Newcomb, Maryland right at the elbow of the Miles as it turns from SE to NE. We turned NE and proceeded up the eastern shoreline, passing what has got to be the biggest waterfront mansion I have ever seen in the Chesapeake Bay watershed. The glass on the front of the mansion was at least 25' high. The estate was beautifully manicured and there were even two horses grazing to the side and back of the home. Impressive!

I sailed into Newcomb Creek, past the small gravel bar/island guarding the narrow entrance. Norm followed. We explored the small creek for a half an hour and then left. I grounded leaving and Norm grounded even harder. It took him a few minutes to pole off. Once back on the Miles we turned NW and began sailing on a broad reach towards the no-name island across the river from St. Mikes. I do not know why the island is not identified on charts. It is about 500yds long and 200yds wide. There is a home on the southern end but the rest of the island is heavily wooded. We passed between the island and the eastern shoreline.

Norm anchored halfway up the shoreline off a sandy beach. We ate lunch, then got underway again and turned NW to run up Hunting Creek. The Shallow Water Sailors spent a night anchored in Hunting Creek on one of our past Spring Cruises. The creek is quiet with a few modest summer homes on the shoreline. We reached the navigable head and I started the motor to take us back to the Miles River.

Once back on the Miles River we again continued heading NW, downriver, bound for Woodland Creek. Two miles downriver we passed St. Michael's to port and with another three miles arrived at the Woodland Creek entrance. The creek, on the eastern side of the river, has a deceptive entrance. It is wide, about 150 yards, but very shallow and guarded by gravel bars and small islands. From previous experience I have found one way to enter is to: 1.) Put a small house at the entrance on our 020 heading and sail parallel

to the entrance to within 25' of the shore. 2.) Make a hard right turn. 3.) Cross the gravel bar, and then 4.) Make a hard left turn. We have arrived in Utopia, a very pretty, protected, quiet creek!

Norm pulled ahead of me so I talked with him on the FRS radio about the entrance. We both passed the bar without hitting bottom. The last time I crossed the bar I had to pole across in less than a foot of water. We sailed up the creek to the first cove on the right (about 100' by 300'). I anchored at the head in two feet of water, protected on three sides by trees. *Piilu* came alongside again. We shared happy hour, dinner and a beautiful sunset. *Piilu* once again cast off for a night anchorage a few feet away.

A cold front passed through about 0300 Saturday morning. It woke me up. I went topside, lowered the mast and payed out more scope on the anchor rode. Then it was back into the warm sleeping bag. The stars, constellations and planets were bright and beautiful in the dark sky. Orion was there telling me that fall and winter were soon coming.

Norm and I ate another leisurely breakfast Saturday morning. The wind was blowing in the trees so I set the first reef and Norm set two. This was not because his boat is tender but because his boat is so much faster than mine downwind. We can sail downwind at the same hull speed with my one and his two. We sailed out of Woodland Creek. I did not touch bottom going out but Norm said he did. Once free and clear on the Miles we turned downwind and ran SE up the eastern shoreline on the 1'-2' flats. No need for a centerboard or lee boards here. Norm's GPS was showing speeds up to 5.3kts. Not bad for the Peep Hen's 13' waterline with one reef set! What a glorious sail!

The rest of Saturday morning and early afternoon was spent sailing on the Miles River off St. Michael's observing the two log canoe races. The first race was at 1000 and the second at 1400. The log canoes are, in my opinion, the most beautiful things created by man. Many of these 30'-40' boats are one hundred years old. They were made by bolting three large logs together and hollowing them out. They step two masts and carry an inordinate amount of sail. To keep the unballasted centerboard boats upright the 10-15-person crew hikes out on boards or planks. Sometimes there are 3-4 persons per plank. Fast? Yes, they are very fast!

Today they were only flying their club-footed jib, leg-o-mutton, sprit rigged main and mizzen sails. In lighter winds they will set moonrakers and staysails. The cover of the 2010 SWS Calendar has a picture I took of one of the log canoes several years ago. That boat, #3, *Magic*, was built in 1894! Norm and I could not figure out the racecourse. In years past we would position ourselves inside the triangular course at one of the turning marks. We opted to stay "outside" this day so as not to interfere in any way. Towards the end of the first race I saw one boat capsized near the shore just north of St. Mikes.

I sailed across the river to see if I could be of assistance. Arriving fifteen minutes later, I could see that none was required. The log canoe's tender had passed close aboard and thrown several 5gal buckets for bailing. The crew members, standing waist/chest deep in the water, had already unstepped the two masts and righted the hull. I proceeded to sail between them and the shore taking many pictures of the rescue activity. I am sure my pres-

ence there was not appreciated. The embarrassment of capsizing is enough without being photographed. I will have to remember that!

Norm and I anchored for lunch in Fogg Cove, off the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum docks, between the races. I took his picture as he sculled past me close aboard. Now he will forever be known as Mr. July in the July 2010 SWS Calendar. You can see from that picture it turned out to be a beautiful sunny day. After the second race we returned to the town ramp and hauled out. We towed in company back to my home. Norm traditionally washes his boat there before storing it in his garage in Washington DC. This was a memorable cruise and a good way to end the 2009 sailing season. Just two sailors and two boats, with nowhere to go in particular and with a lot of time to do nothing. Life is good!



Norm sculling past in *Piilu*.



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I suppose you could say it was unseasonably warm today. Kids were out playing basketball in the park. I saw a guy wearing shorts downtown. Our back fence neighbors set up for croquet in the vacant lot. And, not to be outdone, I went over to Cliff's place and busted *Lady Bug* out from her winter imprisonment under the dead tamarack tree. Perhaps you'll remember. She was sort of unceremoniously parked between an old Cordoba, a dead tamarack tree, a rock pile, and up an icy slope. Just before Christmas.

But, today all that was forgotten, and hopefully forgiven. When I got *Lady Bug* home and stripped off the tarp and wooden supports placed over the cockpit to keep ice and snow at bay, the little battery powered combination thermometer, humidity meter and clock inside the companionway to port not only was still working, it showed over 55 degrees in the cabin. Wow. The calendar still thinks it's February. The GPS still thinks we're dangerously close to 48 degrees north latitude. But the buds on the trees, the spiders crawling out of their holes, the birds reasserting their dominion over what became the winter deer feeders, and just about everybody else said it was seriously like spring. OK, I admit it. There's still ice in the culvert out front. There's still snow piled along the driveway, where I shoved it just the other day. But, doggone it! We can hope, now can't we?

Last month, I was telling you about way, way back in the summer of 2008, how we had made it from Chula Vista, California all the way to Port Ludlow, Washington, when I got a call telling me my brother was in his last days. I say "we." We were *Big Ole*, the Chevy van, *Lady Bug*, the peripatetic pocket cruiser aboard *Quiet Quigley*, the long suffering and totally made-over trailer whose appetite for devouring tires had continued pretty much unabated, *Paint Bucket*, the rotomolded sailing dink riding on Ole's head, and yours truly. We.

As it turned out, I beat feet from the northwest corner of Washington state to the southeast corner in time to spend several days with my brother. Among the more pleasant memories, was the opportunity to simply sit with him and do the "remember when" thing. If you ever have the chance to do that, grab it with both hands!

It was now late June, 2008. My brother's funeral was to be delayed for a couple weeks, until folks could show up. In the meantime, I had this undeniable urge to go some of the places we had "remembered when" about. I hitched up *Lady Bug*, and just sort of let *Big Ole* choose a trail.

Most of those "remember when" places had boats and water associated with them. My little red sailboat from Southern

Boats Really Don't Make Sense

You Have to Put Your Hand in the Water

Part 4

By Dan Rogers

California was headed for some decidedly non-Coastal Southern California-looking places, indeed. First stop, Diamond Lake and Old Camp Cowles. Yeah, the same (ice covered) Diamond Lake that I can now look at from the mailbox. The same Camp Cowles that I hope to put *Lady Bug* to work at, teaching a new generation the joys of sailing, and boats in general, but that's another story. I'm told that when you get my age it's easy to get distracted and never finish the story you started out to tell. And, since I've got about three of 'em going at the moment, I'd better pay attention. Anyhow.

The launching ramp at Diamond Lake is pretty unfriendly to singlehanders with keelboats. There's no service dock of any description. It's exposed to a prevailing side-wind. And, the concrete runners have gaping holes at about the wheel stopping depth that just seem to say, "Go ahead. Make my day." I really wanted to launch there, and sort of recreate history. You see, my brother and I had both cut our boating teeth at Diamond Lake. We had both attended the Scout Camp as scouts and later worked the waterfront as staff members. It was one of those "remember when" places. And I did go to most of those special places from 40 or 50 years ago. But, *Lady Bug* had to watch from the parking lot.

It was a sad time. But what a blessing, too! I sat on my old "favorite" log at the main campfire site at the camp. Nothing had changed. It was as if my little brother and I were still 12 or 14, and we were sitting together on that same old log, watching our contemporaries up on the stage platform performing those age-worn old skits and singing those easily memorized old rounds at the top of our lungs. I was there all alone. Just me, and my little brother. Humming one of those old songs to myself. And bawling like a little girl. Yep. What a blessing. Everybody should have such a wonderful opportunity, some time.

After Diamond Lake, I had this irresistible urge to head north to Priest Lake. Now, if you haven't been there, Priest Lake, Idaho does a mighty fine impersonation of Lake Tahoe. Steep snow-covered peaks, with forest right down to the water. The water is clear to 30 feet or more. But, dang it. I'm sure it used to be a whole lot warmer back when I was a skinny kid learning to water ski. I put my hand in, there at the Coolin ramp. The air temp was probably 80 that day. But, the water. Well, I didn't even have an interest in wading. Somehow, those snow-fed lakes just don't warm up like they did back when most family cars still had fins and acres of chrome. Anyhow, if you have a more mature thermostat, water sports at Priest Lake should probably be limited to things where you don't have to get wet.

The "remember whens" from Priest Lake were largely confined to family boat camping trips several times each summer. The lake is 25 miles south to north, give or take. Back when my brother and I were growing up, much of it was still quite remote and really only accessible by water. Somewhat later, leftover forest service and old logging roads were sort of widened and sort of graded to provide road access of a sort. But, like any good messer, I remember the boat parts of those boat camping excursions more than anything else.

Like a modified desire for immersion in really-not-so-warm water, I seem to have changed my attitude about how much personal space I require while afloat in the intervening years as well. What I mean is, while my brother and I were "remember when-ing", we (I did, at least) had this vivid picture of a family of five, a cocker spaniel, a spare kid from the neighborhood, a heavy wall tent complete with a monstrous steel center pole, a full-sized Coleman stove and lantern, a few gallons of "white gas," clothes and food for everybody for a week, a bulky ice chest or two, a fairly large crosscut saw with only one remaining handle, all piled into our 12' wooden skiff powered by a then-ancient five horse Sea King direct drive outboard with a huge round rubber bulb at the business end of the starter rope and a welded-on tiller complete with a bicycle handle bar rubber grip (white and crumbling) on the end of a pipe that had been cut off with a tubing cutter and still presented a sharp inner edge to the unwary thumb or finger thrust absentmindedly into its ID. We actually navigated about a 10 mile radius from where the road went from pretty bad, to pretty much non-existent. In that little boat. We must have been quite a sight. But, for any of you other big kids who remember being a little kid once, will also remember that "adventure" used to come way

Back to Diamond Lake after an absence of over 40 years.





Back to the clear (cold) water of Priest lake, Idaho for the first time since 1969. All the mountains are still there, just the way I left them.

earlier in the book than “embarrassment.”

Besides, when we finally churned our way up the lake to the camping spot of plan or accident, and all that stuff and people finally were ashore where they belonged; I got to go “run the boat!” Somehow, that little underpowered utility hull transported us, my little brother and me, on magical cruises that have lasted a lifetime in the telling.

So, with a bit of the Prodigal whispering in my ear, I launched *Lady Bug* at the extreme south end of Priest Lake and set sail for all those special beaches, bays, and camping spots that were certainly a verifiable ocean away back 50 years ago, or so. I left *Ole* and *Quigley* parked next to a sign proudly demanding, “No Overnight Parking,” and headed out to find the first night’s anchorage. Perhaps I’ve mentioned this before, but, summer evenings up north tend to be real CALM. I think it’s a promise made by God Himself to the mosquitoes, or something. But, sailing after sunset in north Idaho is a very unusual activity.

This night being no exception, the little Johnson 4-pony did the deed. And, you know, there’s more than a strong family resemblance between a 1978 OMC and a 1950 OMC, even if the latter did wear a Monkey Wards suit of clothes. Simple little two-stroke kickers really haven’t changed at all. They still make smoke, and leave a “sheen” on the water. They still don’t idle down well. They still refuse to start if you don’t get the choke and throttle “just right.” In fact, I know this for a scientific certainty; they refuse to start if you hold your tongue in your left cheek, place your non-starter rope hand boorishly on the “special” spot on the gas tank, or forgot to say “thank you” the last time it did run. Anyhow, we motored through the falling summer darkness to what appeared to be a pretty OK anchorage.

More than OK, in fact. Let’s see, I believe it’s Chapman who insists a good anchorage needs: (a) adequate swinging room, (b) good holding ground, and (c) good shelter. Well, we found a solitary spot about 100’ from a small wooded island. There wasn’t the faintest breath of wind to disturb the mosquitoes, so that would count for “sheltered.” And, come morning I came damn close to cutting the rode free from an anchor that had found incredibly “good” holding ground. In fact, the anchor had wrapped around the trunk of a sunken tree. Apparently, I lucked out, and the majority of the holding was being handled by a large limb of that long-submerged tree. There was this ghostly emergence of dark and amor-

phous shapes that screeched and grated eerily against *Lady Bug*’s underbelly. Then, suddenly, all I was stuck to was a very slimy 30’ foot hunk of decomposing conifer. Anchor stowed, sails up, sun up and getting hot. Wind sort of fickle, and almost always blowing someplace a mile across the water, or so. At least, until we got there.

But, for a guy on no particular schedule, following the in-and-outbound tracks etched in the water nearly a half-century before; I was in no particular hurry.

All you “real” sailors believe that, now, don’t you? Of course you don’t. Since when did no wind mean no fiddling with the jib sheets, or the outhaul, or the halyard tension, or the main sheet, or vang tension? So began a pattern. As *Lady Bug* and I traced our way around a lake I hadn’t actually been on since well before Tet of ’68 broke into the headlines; I urged every ounce of speed out of any wayward puff, and cursed the monstrous power boats, as God kept His promise to the mosquitoes.

So, call me a schitz. But, I seem to like my slow boats to go as fast as possible. Even when there isn’t any real destination or schedule. Know anybody like that?

If you’ll forgive the “come over and watch my vacation slide show” approach for a moment, I’d like to share just a couple anecdotes from my cruise up and down Priest Lake. The first one is just sort of simple and kinda sweet. As I sailed into a bay that looked real familiar, and remarkably still un-built-up, there was this huge sun and ice polished log partially buried in the cobble stone beach. Once upon a time, four generations of my family sat on that very log. It lies at the bottom of a steep trail that winds down a cliff from an unofficial camp site we used to frequent. Since the days of the ancient Roman celebration of the saeculum, human culture has been based on the reality that even during a long human life, we will rarely experience greater than four generations living at once. And, I had witnessed the very thing, sitting on that huge old growth tree trunk when great grandmother, grandmother, parents, and siblings ate a picnic lunch and made small talk during the last upside-down year until 2005. You know. 1961.

The second is a bit more bizarre. On the return leg after a couple or three days under way on Priest Lake, we were motoring as painfully usual. We’d been motoring over a greasy lake surface, disturbed only by the periodic tsunami fleeing in panic from the ubiq-

uitous muscle boats. Motoring for hours. After consultation with the chart and childhood memory, I came to a remarkable conclusion.

As I said, this was largely a “remember when” cruise with my newly deceased brother along for company. He didn’t take up any deck space, but we talked about old times nonetheless. Just when I intoned, “Remember when we were about here in this same spot, that time, when my old screamin’ twenty horse Merc just quit. Right here.” Well, you guessed it. As if on cue, the otherwise pretty reliable four horse Johnson simply stopped running. Plenty of gas. Nothing fouling the prop. Nothing wrong. Just wouldn’t start again.

Well, the “remember when” story is that my brother and I had been allowed a rather special opportunity to run the decked over and spiffed up little ski boat, that the family skiff had become in the basement one winter, the full length of the lake one calm morning. At this, the farthest possible distance from any landing spot (about 5 nautical miles) the engine had summarily quit and refused all entreaties to restart. Not even a bloody cough. Nothing. Even a small ski-boat is a miserable thing to paddle with a canoe paddle for more than the shortest of distances. So there we were, paddling that suddenly quiet and still little boat with a canoe paddle and one of those closed cell ski belts. Sooner or later a kind gent in a passing boat towed us in, and within about the original time limit. Seems the intense vibration in Karl Kiekhauffer’s screaming machine had rather completely dismantled the carburetor. A lesson that has stayed with me to this day, even though it’s never happened again in all these years.

Anyhow, there I sat. No wind. No motor. No kindly gents, either. My next question to my brother, “Well, this is a fine mess. What’ll we do now?” and there was the faintest of a catspaw. Seems like the only wind in sight was riffing the water within a hundred feet of *Lady Bug*. That breeze held for the whole of that last five miles to where I had launched and left *Ole* to guard the no parking sign. As we ghosted into the marina basin, the wind died away completely. Without thinking, I reached for the starter rope, and the little guy fired on the first pull. I motored over to the same dock, that kindly gent had deposited my brother and me, back one very calm morning a lifetime ago.

I’ll tell you where we went after that, if I see you next month.



The “ancestral” camping beach. Scene of many a juvenile voyage of discovery. Small boat, small motor. Big dreams.



There are many “Chimney Rocks” in the world. As a boy I watched the summer moon rise rise behind this one. And I am quite sure I met Big Foot while camped at its base one night. He roared like a foghorn and shook the mountain. Really.

Flying *Kittery* Returns and Teaches

By Lory Newmyer

Reprinted from *The Messenger Line*
Newsletter of the Hull (Massachusetts)
Lifesaving Museum

When Corinne called to say that *Kittery* (the Museum’s 32’ Cornish Gig—Ed) was sitting, not comfortably nestled on the beach as we had left her the previous evening, but atop a commuter’s car, she got our attention. Weighing in at 600+ pounds and 32’ in length, *Kittery* is not easily batted around. So how did she take flight?

In the midst of an unusually windy season, the gusts on December 3, 2009, were particularly violent and came from just the right direction to lift and carry our Moby-Gig (and her 150lb sand anchor) about 20’ across the beach at Hull’s aptly-named Windmill Point. Mother Nature then swung the vessel by the bow, whipping the stern around until she came to rest hard against a telephone pole and atop car, in a very odd pose for a boat.

Enter the HLM support team! First, a burly crew from the Point Allerton US Coast Guard Station descended on the beach and helped us carry *Kittery* to safety. Then, with approval from our insurers, Ed McCabe contacted the brilliant local boatwrights of Marine Joinery & Restoration to see if they could bring a little holiday cheer to our damaged hull. We transported *Kittery* to our Seaport Boatshop, nudging room on the MAP floor space for the repair, and the remarkable team



of Steve Woll and John Daley were off and running. In just under three bustling weeks, bracketing Christmas and New Year’s, they had *Kittery* back on the water with rubrail, inwale, floors, frames, and planks restored to mint condition.

Adding to the joy of having our beloved boat back on line was the impact on the MAP apprentices of having two master craftsmen working in their midst. Steve and John finished their work one morning, with the same quiet efficiency that had marked the whole project, and slipped quietly out the door. We loaded *Kittery* on the trailer that afternoon and the apprentices scratched their heads in amazement. “How did they do that work so fast?” they asked in honest wonder. Teachable moment! Mike then led the crew over to our “round table” and returned the question

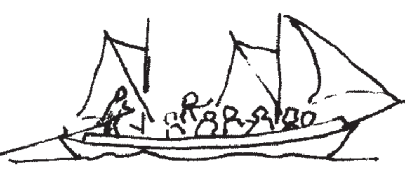
to the apprentices. “How did they do that so fast?” Here’s what our students observed:

- They were motivated
- Part of their motivation was money
- Determination
- Awareness of their reputation
- Hard work and planning
- They worked as a team
- It’s their career
- Passion
- They love what they do

Thank you, Steve and John, for the beautiful restoration and incomparable lesson to our apprentices.

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For more about the Hull Lifesaving Museum, go to www.lifesavingmuseum.org.



The Labor Day weekend after we bought the Micro, we decided to go on a camp cruise of the Boston Harbor Islands. Josh and I had camped on Grape Island with the Boy Scouts and it offered a safe anchorage, a good dock, ample campsites, and spectacular views of the Boston skyline, so we got reservations to camp out all three nights of the weekend. The closest launching ramp to Grape Island was the Weymouth Public Boat Ramp on the Fore River. We had to wait in line a while to launch the Micro on Friday afternoon, but the ample dock space made rigging and loading the boat easy. Though the wind was southwesterly and snappy, around 15 knots, the river at the ramp was narrow and sheltered and relatively calm.

The river's flow was tidal and ebbing, so it wasn't hard for the Minnkota electric motor to push us seaward. The high narrow banks made the wind fluky; our rigged sails did little to help us until we were almost at the jetty. Frann was a little concerned about daylight as it was almost dinnertime and we had to set up camp. We could see Grape about half a mile offshore, and I knew on a run we would get there very quickly. Frann was skeptical.

We were at the island in ten minutes. I let Frann and the boys off at the dock with all the gear and, with the permission of the ranger, towed a skiff over to the anchorage spot to which she had directed me. I put out two anchors and waited to see if they would hold. They seemed to bite well but, with the wind showing no sign of letting up, I was nervous that she might drag anchor. But there would be less drag when I rowed the skiff away, and there were abundant sandbars on the lee shore of Grape to catch us with sandy arms if the anchors didn't hold.

The Friendly Skunks Visit

Grape Island is famous for its skunks. They are very tame, but expect to eat well at the expense of human campers. They never leave behind their calling card scent. The ranger said there had only been one spraying incident in the past six years. Without dogs or cats to bother them, they never feel the need. When I caught up to Frann and the boys, they pointed out a welcoming committee of a couple of curious skunks.

The skunks left soon as all the food was still secure in the cooler. Frann had the Coleman fired up with a big pot of spaghetti water boiling. I got the tents pitched before dinner was ready. As I was shutting the sleeping bags into the tents, Zach and Josh excitedly pointed out that the pair of skunks had returned and was now nosing around my open daypack. One emerged with a sandwich crust and promptly ate it. After that, I kept my daypack securely closed all the time.

Dinner didn't come soon enough for the boys, so they opened a large bag of corn chips in their tent out of the mosquitoes and had a snack. After dinner, we were all pretty tired, so we went right to sleep. I didn't sleep very well, and lay listening to the rustling leaves overhead and wondering if our anchors were holding. Later in the night, the wind quieted down and all was still. Sometime after that, I heard a rustling coming from the boy's tent. It sounded like Zach was tossing and turning. The rustling continued for several minutes. There was a trace of daylight, and I was anxious to get back to the boat to see if the anchors held through the night. I took the flashlight, zipped out of our tent and shone the light on the boys' tent to see if I could tell which side the rustling was coming from. I was startled to see a skunk nosing around the entrance.

Cape Cod Harbors

The Pirates of Hingham Harbor

By Rob Gogan

The Midnight Snackers Visit

"Zach, are you awake?" I asked. I was going to tell him to check and make sure his doors were zipped tight and to shine his flashlight at the skunk to drive it away.

"Yeah?" Zach said sleepily.

"There's a skunk at the door of your tent," I said.

"Well there's a skunk in the tent," he said, no trace of sleepiness remaining.

"No, I said there's a skunk trying to get inside. Get your flashlight and..."

"No, Dad, there's one skunk INSIDE the tent and another one outside." Zach was surprisingly calm about it. Visions of the boys all their gear getting saturated with skunk spray flashed through my head. The first day of school was the day after tomorrow, would they be going off smelling like skunks? Then I remembered the ranger's saying that no skunks had sprayed in several years.

"Try shining the flashlight in its eyes and then maybe he'll leave," I said.

"OK."

"Is Josh awake?"

"Yeah." I saw the light go on but the skunks were already leaving. Perhaps our voices made them shy. In any case, Zach re-zipped the 8" gap the skunk had opened and I tilted the Coleman stove against the front of the tent.

"That pesky skunk learned how to open tents," I told Frann. I'm sure none of them got much more sleep, but I dressed and left quietly to check on the boat.

The Boat is Gone

When I got down to the water, I was alarmed to not see the boat in the anchorage area. I felt the momentary panic drivers feel when their cars are not where they left them on the city's towing day. Then I noticed the green hull of the Micro resting downwind of where I had left her, high on a sandbar in ankle-deep water. I could see why, too: one of the anchor lines had come untied. Instead of splicing the line to the anchor chain, I had only tied it. The 12lb Danforth my father-in-law had given me was off its line in the sand somewhere upwind. The tide was low but rising, and it looked like it would be two or three hours before she could float again. Time for the others to take a leisurely breakfast and maybe a stroll around the island while I looked for the anchor.

Beachcombing was interesting to Frann and the boys. Grape island has a lot of slate-like argillite rock, with slate rectangles of all sizes and thicknesses cast over the beach. The small island next to Grape is called Slate Island and used to host a mine for roofing shingles, I imagine. Frann is a relentless beachcomber and our garden still displays many of the flat stones she gathered that morning. When Frann asked me if 10 flagstones were too many to put in the Micro's anchor hatch in the nose, I said there was no limit. She got so excited that she gathered another 30 stones, including a handsome piece we now use as a cutting board for cheese.

The anchor was nowhere to be found. I waded out waist deep, my pockets empty, having learned earlier that summer that salt water and cell phones do not mix well. I walked slowly around the area where I thought I had dropped the anchor, but found nothing. I went back to the boat and got out the instructions for finding the day's destination, Hingham Harbor. We had discovered Letterboxing, which is locating hidden weatherproof boxes from directions posted on the internet. The Boston Harbor chart showed the islands on which the boxes were hidden to be about two miles away. I planned to explore the islands, picnic there, and find the letterboxes if we could. As the tide rose, I periodically tugged the anchor line to see if we were afloat yet. Once afloat I sailed to the dock to pick up the others and sail to Hingham.

We Set Sail for the Three Pirates

We got a good look at Slate Island as we sailed by and saw a couple of kayaks on the shingly beach. Not one tree grew on its windswept outcroppings, and I wanted to land there to explore, but we had a better destination in mind, and I didn't want to try the patience of the boys. We passed Hull and the magnificent World's End reservation in Hingham and then we saw the Three Pirates, as the Letterboxing clue had named the islands. We decided to try Langlee, the largest of the islands, first. We found the tidy little gray beach to which the instructions had referred. It was about 50' wide among the dense woods of the island. We knew we were on the right track as we saw a tattered Jolly Roger flying from a prominent branch. The shore was steep enough for us to touch the beach with the Micro's snub nose. We climbed down over the bow. The Micro's bow transom has steps cut into it so the crew can step down to shore or shallow water while clinging to the mast.

The beach was a neat mixture of slate, seashells and sand. I gave the directions to Josh, who enjoyed the role of guide, and we took the path up the hill beside the red maple. Though we saw all the landmarks to which the directions referred, including a dramatic sheet of bald granite culminating in cliffs on the ocean side of the island, we did not find the letterbox on Langlee. The boys didn't seem frustrated and we had an enjoyable walk on the deserted island. The far side of Langlee had a dramatic cliff drop-off that plunged at least 20' to the water. There was a way to climb down along a fault line in the granite, which I followed down to the water, but the others didn't want to follow. Josh was more interested in trying to get Zachary to step off the edge. Of course, he would have been horrified if he'd actually done it.

Success at Sarah's

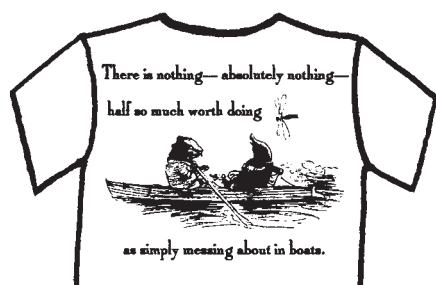
Fortunately, Frann and the boys did find the box on our second try, at Sarah's Island, and we each left our stamp in the notebook inside the box. We stopped briefly on the third island but ran out of time before locating the first landmark. I wanted to find a good anchorage and get settled well before dark. So back to Grape we sailed.

The next day we closed up camp and tossed all our gear belowdecks. We had a close look at the long harbor side of Hull, from the wind turbine on the grounds of the High School to World's End. We didn't venture into Hingham harbor today further than the Hingham Yacht Club where we got a drink. We made it back all right and got up safely on the trailer.

I know I risk diminishing the true heroes that we all admire, but I would like to say a word for the bravery of all those souls who use the boat ramps on a regular basis. Every time I'm lucky enough to tie up to a dock or a mooring after a long day boating, I have a sense of gratitude that I don't have to fight my way out of the water at the ramp.

Ramps obviously vary greatly in their layouts and accommodations. Some are much more scary than others. Here in Connecticut there's a wonderful state ramp in Old Saybrook, wide and gently pitched, with lots of room to maneuver. I helped a friend pull a 34' boat there recently. He hit the trailer straight on, I cranked the winch a few times, and out she came. He's a good operator and had a good trailer, but much of the credit goes to the ramp.

In the summer of 1992 I was recently widowed and just starting a new relationship. After three weeks together we were already at our second boat show, on the Charles River, launching at an antique ramp in Newton, Massachusetts. It was steep and paved to a point, but if we backed down too far the pavement ended and the ramp was all blasted out by those (blasted) boaters who insist on "driving" their boats up onto their trailers. I was to become responsible for making the drop-off even deeper, but more about that later. Some-

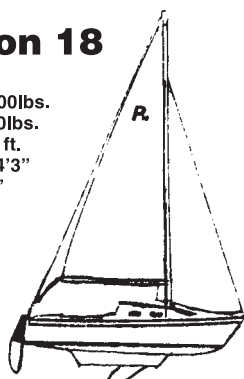


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Boat Ramp Tales

By Boyd Mefferd

one who used this ramp on a regular basis cautioned me that there was a point of no return where the wheels of the trailer would no longer contact the bottom and the trailer frame would hang up on the end of the pavement.

After the show I gave myself the job of boat captain and my new love found that she had been drafted to be the vehicle driver. I warned her about letting the rig slide back even the slightest bit and crossed my fingers. I floated the boat on, she hit the gas, and out we came. As of this writing we're still together.

My next visit to that same ramp was not so successful. I was picking up a new customer's boat for fall service and winter storage and the level of the Charles was several feet lower than it had been before. Somewhere in the back of my mind I remembered the drop-off, so I waded in and tried to locate it. When I backed the trailer down to the point of no return, the rear tips of the bunks were barely underwater. I told my new customer that it couldn't be done. He insisted that it could, and you know who is always right.

He brought the 21' Chris Craft up to the trailer and gunned the engine, paused, and then gunned it harder. The boat struggled halfway up, throwing a wild brown wake that looked like Class III rapids. Finally it would go no higher, so I took a strap out and bound the bow down so it would not fall off. All the negative tongue weight pulled the rear of the truck up to where it would not climb the ramp. A good samaritan with four-wheel drive with a chain finally dragged me up to level where I contemplated my truck hooked to a trailer with a boat falling off the back.

We tried to hire a wrecker to help drag the boat onto the trailer, but struck out. They must have been busy with more conventional jobs. Finally, in desperation I tried the old "go fast and lock up my brakes" trick that usually moves a boat ahead a few inches, but could I hope for the eight or so feet I needed? My last attempt worked but the ABS brake indicator came on. I found out I had blown out the sensors.

Later the customer confessed that he had the 300hp V8 up to 4000rpm on the trailer! That's a day and a ramp I'll never forget, but like my love, my customer and I are still together, too (and I still drive without ABS brakes).

I've had other truck troubles, mainly water in the rear end, related to ramp difficulties. Each time the differential oil "milk-shakes" had to be washed out and changed. You'd think I'd learn, but when the other option is coming home without the boat, I always seem to go a little deeper.

One young man I observed at a local ramp thought he had it all figured out. Rather than invest in a trailer, he simply backed his pickup into the water until the rear of the bed was just underwater and drove his jet ski right in! Personally I thought that the new rear end would cost more than a trailer, but I knew he wouldn't believe me, so I just let him bask in his brilliance. It's the kind of thing you'd expect from a jet ski operator.

You meet all kinds of smart people at the boat ramp. One busy Sunday I saw a crew taking stays off their sailboat which was already on the trailer. Nobody was directing

traffic and the mast fell directly across the hood of a nearby car. Luckily nobody was hurt, not until the resulting fist fight had broken out. The apology must have been a little weak or slow in coming.

One customer told me that he had seen someone slacken, but forget to unhook, his winch cable. The "skipper" bumped reverse, and when the boat didn't back off the trailer, gunned reverse. The resulting tug took the driver by surprise and he (or she) couldn't prevent the truck and trailer from rolling backwards down the ramp into the water. Try explaining that to the insurance company!

A boating magazine had an even more bizarre story: An older couple (being old myself, I can pick on the old people) bought their first ski boat so they could take the grandchildren out. On their first trip they noticed that the boat didn't go nearly as fast as it had during their test run with the dealer, so they called him on their cell phone. He had a marina on the lake and said that they should drive right over. Even before they got to the dock he could see that the trailer was still solidly strapped to the boat, creating a wee bit of drag. He told them to meet him at the ramp where he explained that they should unhook the boat from the trailer, not the trailer from the tow vehicle. What's that song, "You have to be carefully taught?"

The boating magazine had all sorts of new product reviews, too. If you are worried about how far is too far, and where the perfect trailer depth is obtained, there is a new system on the market. LED marker lights are hooked to a pre-set float switch. Look in the mirror and when they change from red to green, you know you're there. Why didn't I think of that?

A recent issue of a trade magazine suggested that if business was slow, instead of hanging around the shop complaining, dealers should get into their vans with appropriate ads on the sides and go hang out at the boat ramp. I guess they'd have first shot at everyone who was towed in that day. Maybe they could hand out beers.

I try to spend as little time as possible at the ramp, but sometimes there are jobs that have to be done there, like swapping out props to get the correct one. If there are little mechanical tasks to be done and there is no vendor with a van handing out beers, having a dock alongside the ramp certainly makes life easier.

Our ramp on Bantam Lake in Connecticut has no dock, but people can always hope. We have a string of three 20' floating docks that we take in for the winter. In the spring we launch them separately and then attach them to each other at the ramp. We leave them there while we drive around the lake and get the boat to tow them up the lake and into place. One day, when we arrived back at the ramp, several people had set up camp on them and were busy fishing. I hooked up the tow line and tried to explain what was about to happen. They apparently thought that by some miracle the State of Connecticut had just provided docks, and didn't budge. Actions apparently speak louder than words, and when the docks began to leave the shore they finally got the idea.

They say that life just wouldn't be life without a certain degree of aggravation. It's supposed to keep us on an even keel. I haven't figured out what keeps me going in the winter, but in the summer, a boat ramp is all the aggravation I need!

Not All "Experts" Know Better:

I recently found an article on navigation in a Canadian canoeing magazine. Various "experts" were asked how best to teach basic navigation to small boaters. The whole thing actually wasn't much more than explaining that a magnetic compass does not point to the actual geographic north pole, true north, but to the magnetic north pole, a tad to the side, and that thus every course steered by a magnetic compass has to be corrected for this "error".

Most of us learned this fact in a Boy Scout orienteering workshop; we even learned that this "error" was called **variation**. It says so on every map and chart. There even are visuals, a compass rose, pointing to true north, the top of each map, following the north/south grid lines (meridians/longitudes), and a smaller compass rose, sometimes inside the bigger one, pointing to magnetic north from this particular geographic map/chart location (see picture).

Let me jump ahead by stating that the terms **deviation** or **declination** are not depicting the same as **variation** and should thus not be used for the phenomenon described above. The "experts" in the Canadian magazine, however, used these three terms interchangeably, as if they were synonymous. So I asked the magazine editor to please correct this sloppy use of these three terms, while supplying them with a brief explanatory comment to appear in their next issue. It never happened.

I feel, however, that *MAIB* readers are much more knowledgeable as well as curious and eager to clean up these three terms, if they do not already know the difference. So here is my expanded explanation of these three terms.

Variation:

It is defined as "the angle between the true and the magnetic meridians". That sounds easy enough, but what does it imply? The first thing one has to know about **variation**, as I see it, is that it varies from place to place, i.e. it depends on the specific geographic location you are at in relation to the magnetic pole. If, for example, your geographic location on the globe is in line with both magnetic and geographic poles (i.e. is on the same meridian/longitude), the **variation** is zero, because at that point the compass needle points not only to magnetic north but also to the geographic, the true north pole. If, on the other hand, your location on the globe is at right angles to this specific meridian/longitude, the **variation** will be at its greatest.

Our next basic statement would then be that if the magnetic meridian/longitude is to the west of your true geographic meridian, we speak of a **western variation**; if it is to the east, we of course call it an **eastern variation**.

Looking at the magnetic compass rose on your map/chart, you can clearly see that you would have to **ADD** a western **variation**, but **SUBTRACT** an eastern **variation** when plotting a course, i.e. compensate for the compass error. Always remember that the chart course, based on true north, is the "real" thing, and to make your boat go "truly" north for example, you would have to "jerk" the compass needle to the right or left by the amount given in the **variation** for that particular location.

Example: In Maine we have about a 20° western **variation**. So to go north, you steer 20° on your compass; to go east, you steer 110°; south, 200° - get it? Always **add** the 20°

Variation—Deviation Declination Clear Terms for Clean Navigation

By Reinhard Zollitsch

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www.ZollitschCanoeAdventures.com



variation to your intended course! Please do not make the terrible mistake of reversing the +/- . I have paddled with guys in Maine who stubbornly maintained they knew better and then ended up 40° off course!! Poor fellows! (The **right** way of figuring a course to the east is: $90^\circ + 20^\circ = 110^\circ$ degrees on the compass; **wrong** way: $90^\circ - 20^\circ = 70^\circ$, resulting in a 40° error!)

Deviation:

A lot of boaters, though, use the term **deviation** when they should be using the term **variation**. **Deviation** is an additional compass error caused by the ship/boat itself, not its geographic location, and varies with the course the ship/boat is steering. It is caused by the ferrous metals and electronics on board ship and is thus negligible for sea kayakers, canoes and small sailboats, unless of course you stowed your sardines and tuna cans directly under your compass :-)

Ships have a professional compensator swing the ship through a full circle with known fix points on shore and establish a **deviation** chart for which the ship's navigator again has to compensate by adding or subtracting the given values for a specific course. Again, it has nothing to do with the geographic location the ship is at (as **variation** does). **Deviation** is boat and course specific, and can totally be ignored by us small fry.

Declination:

The third term mentioned above, **declination**, is reserved for celestial navigation and astronomy. It defines "the angular distance of a heavenly body from the celestial equator". And since most of us "Messers" don't do this sort of fancy stuff, you might

park this term completely. I only vaguely remember it from my German high school spheric trigonometry class as well as my university course in advanced sailing navigation. I also recently came across that term again when I was reading up on diurnal and semi-diurnal tides. (I learned that the **declination** of the moon, its angle to the celestial equator, also affects the tides.)

Summary:

For simple small craft navigation by chart, compass and stopwatch (dead reckoning), only the term **variation** applies. It is important to know, though, that you should **add** a **western variation** and **subtract** an **eastern variation** from the true chart course, when laying a course.

Deviation is for big ships where on-board electronics and the steel hull itself would affect the magnetic compass.

Declination has to do with the celestial equator, a "heavenly" reference point. You thus never have to compensate for it. It does not affect your little Ritchie or Danforth compass in front of you.

I hope this clears up these three terms for a cleaner, less befuddling way of navigating.

A Homemade Foghorn

Reprinted from the DCA Bulletin #203

I came across this in WikiHOW and promised myself that I would make one to satisfy my curiosity. I haven't done so yet, but it's the kind of thing that has a certain Blue Peter/DCA appeal, so someone else may very well beat me to it! (*Art Ed*)

An aerosol air horn will only last as long as the compressed air inside the can does, but with a few household items you can easily make your own air horn that will last quite a long time. Things you will need are a plastic medicine jar/bottle, scissors, balloons, drinking straw, rubber bands.

Poke holes in the cap, side, and bottom of the medicine bottle. Size does not matter except for the hole on the bottom, which should be large enough for a drinking straw to fit snugly into.

Take the cap off the bottle. Cut a piece of a balloon and stretch it over the top of the bottle. If you want, secure the balloon with a rubber band. Replace the cap on the bottle.

Cut another piece of a balloon and stretch it over the bottom of the bottle. Secure it with a rubber band.

Poke the straw through the hole on the bottom. It might be helpful to first poke a hole in the balloon. To use, blow into the hole on the side.

Tips: Use a heated screwdriver to make poking holes in the bottle easier.

If it's not working, try moving the straw up and down.

The straw should be longer than the bottle itself.

The larger the straw (in circumference), the louder the sound will be.

Making the hole on the side larger will make it less of a strain on your cheeks to blow into it.

The International Scene

Business gradually got better but progress was not consistent across the industry. Some idled ships were put back into service and scrappings last year were the highest since 1996. Chinese shipyards will survive the downturn but the fates of other yards are doubtful although cruise companies ordered more cruise ships, and several farsighted shipping companies and those with large cash reserves also placed orders.

With the arrival of the Convention for the Safety of Life at Sea 2010, many owners will scrap older passenger ships rather than attempt expensive updatings and required safety modifications. At least thirty classic ships will disappear. The Convention was the reason the *QE2* was sold for use as a hotel. She is kept fully operational, however, and could be at sea with a few days notice.

Due to the US import/export unbalance (electronics and clothing arriving at Long Beach and peas and soy beans waiting at Seattle, for example), fewer ships in service, and "slow streaming," there were not enough ships to carry US agricultural products overseas so some orders were cancelled.

Heads of state of Caribbean and Latin American countries sided with Argentina in the sovereignty dispute with Great Britain over the Falklands. The issue has come to the diplomatic forefront since drilling for oil recently started near the Islands.

Thin Place and Hard Knocks

A ship in harbor is safe, but that is not why ships are built (from a Chinese fortune cookie).

Ships sank or nearly sank: The 188' steel Canadian sail training barquentine *Concordia* was knocked down, probably by micro-bursts, and sank during bad weather 300 miles off Brazil and the Brazilian Navy reportedly took 19 hours to respond to an EPIRB signal. The well-drilled crew of 64 students and crew, safe in four life rafts, were picked up by the merchant vessels *Hokuetsu Delight* and *Pioneer* and a Brazilian frigate about 40 hours after the sinking.

Ships collided and allided: At Pembroke Dock (in spite of the name, it's a Welsh town), the fisheries protection vessel *Cranogwen*, fresh from a refit and about to resume patrolling, collided with the tug *Svitzer Ramsey*. The tug kept on working that night but the *Cranogwen* was judged to be unseaworthy because of damage that included a caved-in deck and it needed weeks of repairs.

At the Swedish port of Oxelösund, the ro-ro *Global Carrier* went out of service for several weeks after running into the berthed bulk carrier *Ocostar GO*.

Ships ran aground: It is sometimes difficult to encapsulate news items for this column's readers. Compare the facts in the two following items: 1. The container ship *MSC Tina* ran aground near Maassluis (a town downstream from Rotterdam in the Netherlands) due to engine problems and was soon freed by four tugs. 2. Shortly after departing Antwerp, an electrical blackout caused the container ship *MSC Tina* to run aground near Ossenisse. Six local tugs (names given) freed the ship for inspection of possible damages before it continued a voyage to Barcelona. (And another item said only five tugs were needed!).

Fire and explosion took a toll: The British Columbia ferry *Spirit of British Columbia* had a crankcase explosion in a main engine shortly after a refit. Extensive damage resulted.

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

In Norway's northernmost port of Kirkenes, the big Russian trawler *Tobago* caught fire. Smoke was so profuse the vessel had to be towed out of the fjord and firefighting eventually was stopped because the vessel was heeling excessively.

At Montreal, fire on the tanker *Thalassa Desgagnes* injured one worker before the fire was extinguished after 30 minutes.

Humans were involved: At Newington, New Hampshire, a worker was injured when a gangway to a LPG carrier slipped and dropped while being removed. The accident broke his leg and a finger and damaged his back.

In the Pacific off Petropavlovsk-Kamchatskiy, the bulk carrier *Wadi Alarab* radioed for evacuation of two crewmen, one with a heart problem and the other extremely nauseated.

At Batangas (it's a city on Luzon in the Philippines), three workers died, three others were hospitalized, and 2,000 residents were evacuated due to a chemical leakage on a docked barge. The workers had been making repairs to the barge.

From the English Channel, the master of the tanker *Arionas* reported that three of his crew had died, possibly of food poisoning (they had drunk alcohol containing methanol).

About sixty miles south of Kodiak, Alaska, a Coast Guard helicopter met the carrier *Modern Express* and lifted a Filipino seaman who had been found in his cabin disoriented, possibly suffering from a stroke.

Five days earlier, another Filipino seaman had been lifted off the cargo vessel *Stellar Harvest*, but this time 200 miles southwest of Dutch Harbor. He had fallen in a hold and broke both arms. The ship was 975 miles away when the call went out but diverted course to get within the helicopter's range.

About sixty miles off Gladstone, Australia, a helicopter took an injured seaman off the bulk carrier *Sea Star*. His fractured arm had received incorrect treatment and the arm was black by the time the helicopter arrived.

Gray Fleets

"The US Navy has assets with a book value equal to the first seven companies on the Fortune 500 list combined. It has 1.2 million employees in every conceivable skill and occupation. It has a budget twice the size of IBM." So wrote ex-Navy Secretary John Lehman in 1988. Are the current statistics equivalent, one wonders?

The US Air Force has drone aircraft in combat in Afghanistan and now the US Navy wants equal time in the form of "unmanned water vehicles in 'routine deployments' by the end of this decade. They would detect mines or provide security in various forms. No amphibious landings, though.

The Littoral Combat Ship program is one of the hottest US procurement programs. Four ships of two types have been built by two industry teams and now one team is busting up and a third builder is considering joining the dollar hunt. Austral and Bath Iron Works agreed to split so Austral USA can be a prime contractor for ten LCS while Bath can become a second-source bid-

der. And Northrop Grumman, which already builds every US aircraft carrier and amphibious ship, half of the Navy's submarines, and about half of its surface warships, may go after a five-ship chunk of the LCS business.

The US Navy continued to insist that its officers perform to the highest standards. The commanding officer, Naval Air Station Pensacola, was relieved of command for "inappropriate conduct" while the commanding officer of the destroyer *USS Truxtun* was relieved for an inappropriate relationship with a female officer in his command, and the head of Naval Support Facility North Potomac lost his job due to fraternization with junior Navy personnel.

British union leaders predicted that the Conservatives would axe the £3.5 billion construction of two aircraft carriers for the Royal Navy if they win the upcoming election, and the chop job would happen on their first day in power.

France sees no reason why it shouldn't sell up to four powerful Mistral-class amphibious assault ships to Russia but its NATO partners are perturbed at the possible prospects since the chief of the Russian Navy described the helicopter/troop carriers as ideal for operations in the Black Sea and the Caucasus. Other nations sharing the Black Sea are Turkey, Romania, Ukraine, Bulgaria, and Georgia, with Moldavia about 75 miles inland. Russia recently bloodily invaded Georgia and the two countries are frequently at loggerheads.

The Indian Navy Kilo-class submarine *INS Sindhuraksha*, a diesel-electric attack submarine, was damaged by fire caused by a battery explosion. One technician was killed and two others were burned.

And the India Comptroller and Audit General sniffed that the Russian-built aircraft carrier *Admiral Gorshkov* India is purchasing was a second-hand warship, will be 60% more costly than a new one, and its delivery will probably be delayed even more. He noted that it will then have limited operational capabilities. One limitation is the close-in anti-aircraft missile system. It failed its trials and the ship will not have it when delivered. Russian Prime Minister Putin and India signed a \$4 billion deal involving the *Admiral Gorshkov* (final cost estimated at around \$2.3 billion; the first contract back in 2004 was for \$970 million). All India has to do is invest another \$1.5 billion (preferably \$2 billion) in the carrier. Also in Russia's sale/deal were 29 MiG fighter jets, and the construction of "up to 16 nuclear energy units" at three Indian sites. These are in addition to two reactor sites already being built.

Russia doesn't have enough trained shipyard personnel to build the five submarines on which work has started. Another 500 skilled workers are needed. And the nuclear submarines of the Northern Fleet will have a single headquarters at the closed port of Gadzhievo on the Barents Sea and the subs will be based there and at Vidyayevo and Zaorsk, all closed towns.

The Royal Navy frigate *HMS Chatham*, although busy on anti-piracy patrol in the Middle East, found time to helicopter a Filipino seaman with suspected appendicitis to a hospital and to rescue 21 Yemeni fisherman whose vessel had run out of fuel.

In bad weather, a 28-metre Indonesian patrol craft sank while chasing smugglers. Its crew was saved and, for those interested in some wreck diving, the vessel lies somewhere between Karan Setatan and Tanjung Tindang near Tanjung Pinang in the Riau Islands.

White Fleets

In Egypt, wind gusts pushed the *Costa Europa* into a pier at Sharm el-Sheik hard enough to kill three crewmen and damage itself badly enough so that the master had to create a port list to keep the ship from being flooded. Four passengers were taken to a hospital and the allusion also meant an early end to the ship's cruises of the Mid-East.

In the British Virgin Islands, a tour bus carrying tourists from the *Caribbean Princess* crashed while descending a hill and a passenger from New York was crushed under the bus.

Arrival of the *Carnival Legend* back at Tampa was delayed seven hours for unspecified reasons. The ship may have touched the channel edge while leaving Roatan, Honduras where passengers noticed a sudden, but short, lurch to starboard.

Many think of the Mediterranean as a relatively placid body of water but that is not necessarily true. Off Spain, three extra-large waves, perhaps 10 metres high, came out of nowhere to strike the 200-metre *Louis Majesty*. They burst in fifth-deck windows, killing two tourists and injuring another fourteen. And the *Costa Pacifica* cancelled a visit to Rhodes after a severe storm had caused it to list 20°.

The *Celebrity Mercury* arrived at Baltimore with seven crewmembers ill with carbon monoxide poisoning from an unknown source.

Cruise ships afflicted with assorted noroviruses included the same *Celebrity Mercury* (several voyages with passengers sick), the *Maasdam* (168 sick out of 1,211 passengers), *Jewel of the Seas* (102 of 2,158 passengers), and *Millennium* (157 sick).

Brazilian authorities allowed 1,987 passengers and 765 crewmembers to disembark from the *Vision of the Sea* at Santos. Hundreds had been stricken with vomiting and diarrhea, and the ship was thoroughly cleaned before its next voyage.

The *Doulos*, the world's oldest ocean-going passenger ship, may not be scrapped after all. She may, repeat, "may", be used as a floating facility somewhere but her sailing days are over. Built in 1914 as the *Medina*, she was a humble onion courier that ferried sweet onions from the fields of East Texas to New York City and was converted into a passenger ship named the *Roma* in 1950.

What is the fastest growing destination for cruise ships? The Persian Gulf, as the Iranians demand it be called, or the Arabian Gulf, a name used by most others. Warm, sunny, and with many shore attractions such as Dubai make the Gulf (by either name) an attractive winter getaway.

Those That Go Back and Forth

The South Korean ferry *Kobee* and its 212 passengers needed a tow into Busan when engines developed problems about 14 kilometers short of its destination.

In Scotland at Grangemouth, the ro-ro *Isle of Arran* struck the liftspan, probably as a result of controllable-pitch propeller problems. The ferry needed several weeks of repairs. A liftspan is an adjustable bridge connecting a ferry with the shore.

Not everyone using ferries wants to arrive. An 84-year-old man got out of his vehicle on the *Pocahontas* and jumped into the James River in Virginia.

On the US West Coast, a young woman boarded the *Peralta* at Oakland, California for a trip to San Francisco. She didn't get off

and she and another passenger headed back towards Oakland. What happened next is unknown but the Coast Guard found her body floating off Treasure Island.

And, not off a ferry but at San Pedro, a partially clothed man was chased by security personnel as he ran across a dock. Reaching its edge, he jumped into the water near the propeller of the car carrier *United Nissan* as that ship was arriving. A tugboat crew saw him flailing and thrashing in the water and his body was not immediately found.

Legal Matters

At Brest, the Russian master of the reefer *Matterhorn* was fined €1,000,000 for deliberately polluting the Atlantic off the French coast. His employer will pay 90% of the fine and both must dig up an additional €28,600 to be paid to seven organizations that had represented civil parties.

Metal-Bashing

Four workers were injured at plot 123 of an Alang ship-breaking yard when a gas cutter severed a gas line.

And shipbreakers from India, Pakistan, and Bangladesh plan to form a common front to oppose the new IMO ship-recycling convention. Among many other restrictions. It would prohibit running ships up onto beaches for scrapping.

A German firm will build a 31-metre catamaran whose top deck is largely covered by solar cells. It is planned that the vessel will circumnavigate the world next year at an average speed of 8 knots. Interestingly, a spec sheet states the crew is "2 skippers."

Nature

The recent 8.8 magnitude earthquake that struck Chile probably slowed rotation of the Earth by 1.26 microseconds a day and may have moved the Earth's axis about 3". (The term "axis" is the axis about which the Earth's mass is centered and differs about 10' from the Earth's north-south axis of rotation). And there are unofficial reports that the Chilean earthquake moved parts of the nation. The city of Concepcion may have sashayed as much as 10' to the west, while Santiago may have slithered 11" to the west-southwest. Even areas outside Chile, including the Falkland Islands and Brazil, may have been affected. As yet, there are no reports of elevation changes.

High spring tides, surges from the North Sea, and the results of heavy rainfall forced British authorities to close the Thames Barrier five times in three days to keep London and the flood plain that is the Thames Region from being flooded.

An autonomous (no umbilical cable) British robot submarine penetrated 60km under the Western Antarctic ice shelf, dove to a depth of 1,000 meters, and returned to pre-determined rendezvous points. The device was powered by ordinary D cells, some 5,000 alkaline batteries per dive.

In the Southern Hemisphere Whaling Follies, the skipper of the trimaran *Ady Gil* used a jetski to sneak aboard the whaler *Shonan Maru 2* that had rammed and sunk his vessel. His purpose? To make a citizen's arrest of the master and present him with a bill for \$3 million as compensation for the lost *Ady Gil*. He trusted that the Japanese would treat him well and one suspects he sat down to a healthy breakfast.

Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

More than three dozen Somali pirates were captured by French naval forces but they probably will never see the inside of a courtroom so complex are the legalities involved. And ransomed ships often run out of fuel while waiting for the money to arrive or need bunkering before continuing their voyages. But the 10-month wait for a relatively modest ransom to arrive was too long for three fishermen on the Taiwanese tuna boat *Win Far 161*. They died of malnutrition, disease, and neglect.

Odd Bits

In mid-Atlantic, a couple on the *Queen Mary 2* got so excited when dolphins appeared while they were taking photos of the accompanying *QE2* that they dropped their digital camera into the drink. Sixteen months later, it was found by a Spanish fisherman in his vessel's nets. The camera was ruined but the memory chip still worked and eventually the couple got their photos back. They now commemorate a 25th anniversary celebration cut short by the camera loss.

Some people cut corners and that can make interesting moments for others. In the Rumanian port of Constanta, the container ship *CMA CGM Debussy* was moved to another berth in spite of high winds and driving snow. Only three of the required four tugs showed up and they were sadly underpowered. The ship was blown down on two 1,200-hp tugs and the *Vadeni* was nearly crushed between the ship and a concrete pier. But, listing badly, it got tucked behind the protective stern of the bulkier *Haci Fatma Sari* as the *CMA CGM Debussy* slowly slid by. Damage to the tug was relatively minor (a bent mast and a bulwark that needed extensive rebuilding) and no injuries. Funnily enough, a video showed that nobody stepped on deck or even opened a door until the ship was safely past and the tug righted itself.

Jet drives are all very nice but ice can present problems. That is why the old, propeller-driven standby lifeboat was on duty at the icy Dutch fishing port of Lauwersoog and the new, sexy jet-driven boat was unmanned and idle.

After a competitive competition, the UK Government agreed that the American firm Odyssey Marine Exploration could salvage £70 million in silver from the sunken steamer *Gairsoppa* some 300 miles off the Irish Coast. The ship was sunk by the *U101* in 1941 and the cargo lies 6,500 feet down. That's deep but cargo has been salvaged from greater depths. A company called Deep Tek, in the form of Moya and Alec Crawford and a son, created simple but sophisticated technology that was used to salve part of the gold, silver, diamonds, and jewels reputed to be aboard the P&O liner *SS Persia* approximately 3000-metres/10,000 feet down. Do chase down her book *Deep Water* for a great read about the early struggles of two brave, adventuresome Scots. Personal confession: I have interviewed Moya and she is the finest kind of hero to me!

Sea clutter usually messes up a radar screen but can be transformed into useful hydrographic information such as unsuspected currents or used to spot an oil spill or a small object by day or night.

Head-Shakers

A crewman checking connections on a 15-barge tow being pushed by the *Vernon C. Smith* on the Ohio River was hesitant when he found a bobcat on one barge. Animal-rescue people at the next stop were startled when the bobcat calmly entered a dog carrier.

I used to be a reluctant rower, preferring to sail whenever possible. Then Ron and Dale taught me a thing or two about rowing... real rowing on the Silva Bay Shipyard Raid 2005 in British Columbia. Ron Mueller, a senior citizen with a policy of rowing 365 days a year on salt water, and Dale McKinnon, at 58, rowed from Ketchikan to Bellingham, kicked my ass ten legs out of ten. The old farts were over the horizon, rested and relaxed, sipping drinks while we were still flogging on against wind and tide. Their lesson drilled into me and my crew was... a fast sailboat can rarely keep up with an efficient sliding seat rowboat.

Back home and accepting reality, I sold the little schooner, signed up for sculling classes at a local rowing club, and ordered plans for a St Lawrence River Skiff from the Antique Boat Museum. The following spring Ron Mueller, being a good sport, helped me fit a sliding seat rowing device called a Row-Wing into my new boat, *Conjure*. By Raid 2006 I was an adequate sculler (see Background below), in good shape, and resolved to row whenever possible in an efficient rowboat with a nominal sail rig. Ron and his new crew, Ben Stevens, still led each leg, but I was snapping at their heels the entire week.

Since winning in 2007, I've dropped out of the Raid to concentrate on the simple yet elusive techniques of rowing in ever skinnier boats. After another year of training I finally had the confidence to try a racing single. What a thrill, at speed the water pours alongside in a blur. I competed, managing to get third place out of nine Men's Masters in a regatta last fall. It was the first race using my new boat, a 1973 "Cedar Speeder." Yep, I'm starting to get the hang of... what's that? You've never heard of a Cedar Speeder? Does the name George Pocock ring a bell? No? Builder of the most highly evolved wooden boats in the world? Hmmm. Well friend, top off your drink and let me tell you about this fascinating man. (Full disclosure: many of the following facts are from the wonderful book, *Rowable Classics*, by Darryl J. Strickler.)

The sport of competitive rowing in wooden boats goes back a long way, with

My Latest Love

By Dan Pence



Rowing *Sugar* on the Willamette River.

much of the activity prior to the 1870s taking place as a wagering sport with professional rowers or in naval events. Starting in 1840, English boat builder Henry Clasper popularized a narrow sculling boat with outriggers very similar in appearance to our modern racing boats. The final quantum leaps in design were the sliding seat and swivel oarlock, both patented in the 1870s, an era when the first amateur rowing associations were organized in the US and England.

In the past 140 years racing shells have evolved with continual refinements of size, shape, weight, proportion, hardware, and ergonomics. Oars have made huge improvements in just the past three decades from wooden tulip blades to carbon fiber hatchet blades 75% lighter. Rowing technique has changed, too, often in response to equipment changes. Up until 1984 wooden boats competed side by side with plastic composite boats. But then composites became much cheaper and as fast or faster. Few people in all the years of amateur rowing had more impact than George Pocock.

George Pocock's father, Aaron, was the resident boat builder for Eton College, an English prep school where rowing was every bit as important as the three "Rs." Young George learned to row early on the Thames. He also picked up the highly technical skills

of building racing and training shells in his father's shop, becoming the fourth generation Pocock to practice this obscure trade. Using prize money won in a rowing race on the Thames, George and his brother Dick, moved to Vancouver, Canada, in 1911.

In a short stint at a boatyard there George cut off two fingers of his right hand while cutting lumber. After a year of hard knocks they were invited down to Seattle by Hiram Conibear, rowing coach for the University of Washington, to build 12 boats. It was later found that "Connie" only had money (\$200) for the first one, but by then George was set up in the unheated and defunct Tokyo Tea House on Lake Washington. They struggled to land a few new boat orders and some repair work.

After their patron Conibear fell out of a plum tree and died, the brothers were hired by the new Boeing Company to create light yet sturdy seaplane pontoons. After the war brother Dick left for Yale to build boats and George went back to building racing shells for UW. In 1923 one of his eight-man shells, the *Husky*, won the National Championships, a huge upset against the Ivy League teams dominating the sport. This huge victory brought Pocock national attention and plenty of new boat orders. Pocock's reputation for building fast boats grew quickly.

Quoting *Rowable Classics*, "Between 1925 and about 1975, almost every college, university, high school, and club program in America and some programs abroad would have had wooden racing boats and oars built by Pocock. And in every national, world, and Olympic championship, including the Berlin Olympics in Berlin in 1936, there were always Pocock boats in the winner's circle. At both the Intercollegiate Rowing Association's annual regatta at Syracuse, New York, and the San Diego Crew Classic 1966, all of the boats and oars were made by Pocock!"

This was probably the only time in the history of rowing that all the equipment was essentially equal and it was only the rowers' performance that made the difference! Speak to any college or club rower who rowed anytime up to about 1985 and virtually every one of them will recall, with great fondness, the look, the feel, the "swing," and even the smell of the Pocock boats in which they came of age as rowers. Pocock and the boats he built truly had 'the stuff of which legends are made!'"

My boat, *Sugar*, built by George Pocock in 1973 when he was 81, is a true racing machine; very light, very tough, very stiff, and very fast. Designed for an average rower 160-200lbs, it is 26' long with 10.5" of beam and weighs just 29lbs. The "planking" is $\frac{3}{32}$ " western red cedar, one plank per side, each cut from the same board and "book-matched" so the tension and natural variation on one side are cancelled out on the other. These tight, clear, vertical grain planks run full length (nearly 26'). One edge of each plank is held at the gunwale by a miniature sheer clamp, the other edge lands on a tiny keelson where the planks meet at the bottom. In between the clamp and keelson are no ribs or stringers. Rather, Pocock steamed the planks over forms to shape before fitting them to the framing. They sprung from gunwale to keelson. The clamps, keelson, and deck beam are aligned with fine dowels, struts, and gussets forming triangles every 18" or so along the length of the boat, but held away from the skin. George Pocock found that as the planks

Raid boat *Conjure* with sliding seat unit.



got thinner to save weight, interior framing, particularly ribs, created an unfair shape, like the ribs of a hungry horse. *Sugar's* hull is as fair and true as any boat I've seen.

Prior to 1960, Pocock covered his hulls with fiberglass cloth, but in an odd way. He used one layer of 1/2oz cloth set in varnish instead of resin. Dacron fabric is glued over the bow and stern sections for watertight decking, tightened with heat, and sealed with varnish. Pocock used varnish everywhere, even as filler and adhesive. The sheer clamps, keelson, stem, and stern pieces are spruce, I believe, and the washboards surrounding the cockpit are Alaskan yellow cedar. The only hardwood are four ash frames supporting the outriggers. These boats are very lightly built, yet so durable the strongest athletes in the world can put their all into going fast.

Laura Jackson, a very strong rower and friend, has rowed and raced her Pocock single for many years. The only strengthening her boat required early on was to bolt the foot stretcher support down through the sheer clamp with nuts and washers. It seems that four #10 machine screws threaded into steel plates were no match for her magnificent leg drive. Two years ago her boat needed a repair after running full speed into a railroad tie adrift in the river. She was able to row back to our boathouse, but the boat was leaking badly. I found a bad scrape under the bow and the hull cracked around the skeg. It was an easy repair with a bit of glue, cloth, and varnish. The boat is as good as ever.

Learning to row and repair these Cedar Speeders has been a fantastic experience. I have such respect for what George Pocock and his company achieved. *Sugar* is my latest love.



Interior framing of Pocock single beneath foredeck.

Refinishing 1950s era Pocock single.



Background

"Sculling" refers to an athlete using two oars while in "rowing" an athlete uses just one longer oar, termed a "sweep oar," as in an eight-man shell. The sport overall is rowing or crew. In this article I've been using "rowing" and "sculling" as synonyms, sorry.

Safety: Racing shells have zero to very little stability. Many single shells at my club will capsize when sitting empty in calm water. The ability to keep the boat "set" on an even keel requires the person in the boat to acquire instruction and practice. By tradition, rowers do not wear PFDs, the boat itself is a flotation device, even upside down. Most rowers participate through organized programs with a coach following in a safety launch with PFDs. The technique of self-rescue after capsize, a simple trick, requires instruction and practice. To row efficiently and avoid low back injury requires instruction and practice. I encourage anyone interested in the sport of rowing to contact a rowing club and sign up for a lesson. Most clubs provide anyone with boats to fit their size and skills. Most racing shells are designed for use on calm water.

More Information: A great website for everything about the sport of rowing including articles, videos, classified ads, and links is: www.row2k.com.

Wither the Wooden Boats Today: A few years ago Pocock Racing Shells spun off their wooden boat shop to some zealots in Port Townsend, Washington. Included in the gift; machines, tools, forms, jigs, lumber, material, and hardware. But most importantly, they loaned Bob Brunswick, with 54 years experience, to pass on his skills to Steve Chapin and his crew. The newest Classic Pocock Cedar Single, Hull #10, is selling for \$20,000.

Looking Way Back: For a longer view of history, it is worth pondering this Wiki fact: Human-powered galleys dominated all shipping and naval warfare in the Mediterranean from the eighth century BC until around the 15th century AD. So rowers kicked everybody's ass, in a most competitive venue, for 2,300 years.



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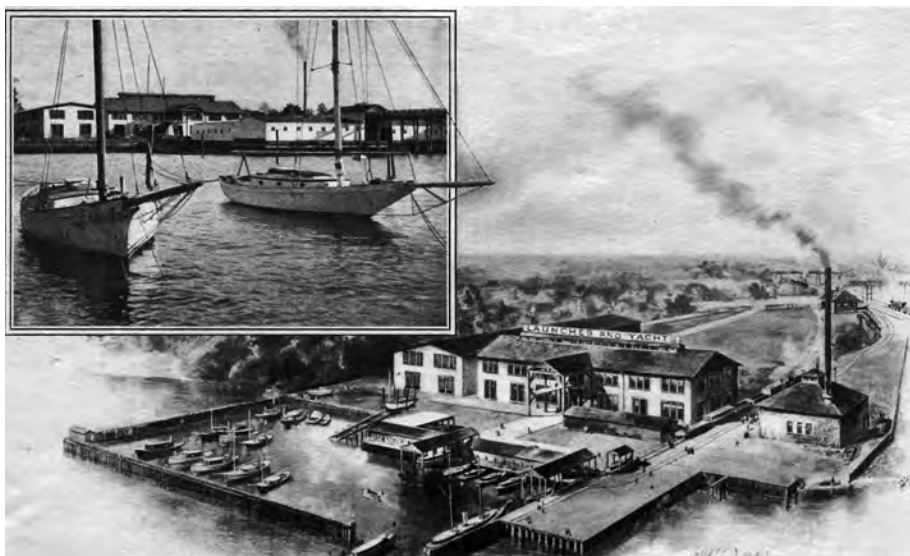
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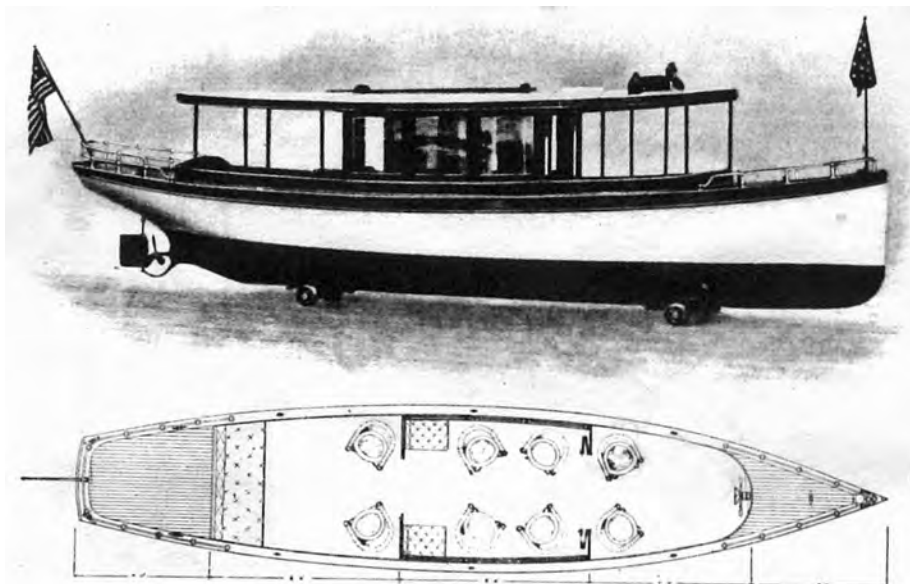
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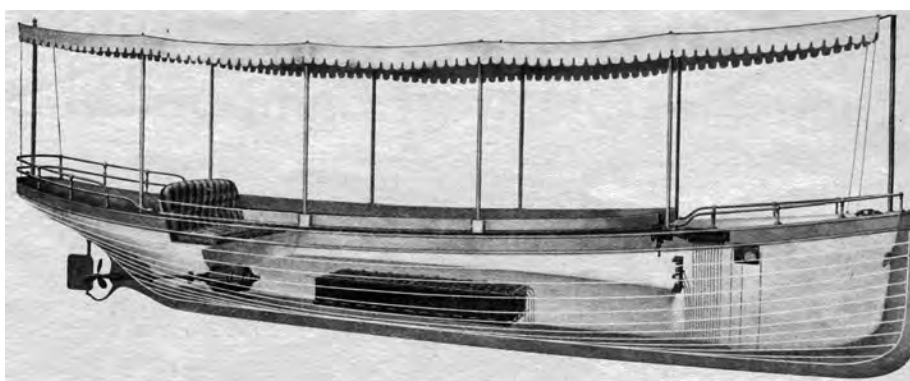


Works of the Electric Launch Company, Bayonne City, New Jersey: Frontspiece of a 1901 Elco catalog shows the plant that was to become the nucleus of a three-city-block yacht building center.



Built in 1900, this is the queen of the Electric Boats built by Elco. This model was 36' loa by 7'4" beam, draft 26", freeboard at bow 2'3". She would do 7mph for 50 miles with 6hp Electro Dynamic Co. DC shunt-wound motor.

Phantom cut of 36' Electric Launch: Represented absolutely to scale, showing proportionate size of apparatus as compared to the boat itself and exact space occupied by each part, all under the flooring; motor aft, forty-four batteries grouped amidships, speed controller, charging switch and voltmeter fitted on forward bulkhead and under deck.



Plumb Square in the Middle of an Early-day Boating Boom Lay...

The Lovely Electric Launch

By Weston Farmer (1970)

Here are some rare pictures of electric launches as built by The Electric Launch Co. of Bayonne City, N.J., in 1901. With these I tender also a set of drawings for the Elco 16' electric launch as modified for gas engine power by the Elco design department. This little craft would make a fine motorboat today. Back of these pictures is of course a story!

The Electric Launch Co. was organized in 1892 as the offspring of the Bayonne firm, Electro Dynamic Co. This outfit owned property at Avenue A and the Jersey Central tracks in Bayonne, and was a builder of direct current electric motors. The "specialties of the house" were streetcar motors and motors for ship-board winches. When an order for 55 electric launches was received for use at the Chicago World's Fair, it became obvious that launches were a natural outlet for electric motors.

The Electro Dynamic Co. management knew that boatbuilding was the major skill through which their product was to be marketed, and they prudently set up the boat plant behind their factory, calling it The Electric Launch Co. This was on property fronting Newark Bay. A picture of the plant is shown as it appeared in 1900, seven years after having been built.

Overnight Sensation

It was in these shops that the first electric launches were built. They went to the World's Fair and became a sensation. Over a million passengers rode in these quiet and graceful craft. Many well-to-do men clamored for duplicates, or scaled-down versions, and the Elco electric launch became the trendsetter. By 1900-1901, electric launches were being offered in 16', 18', 21' 25', 30' and 36'. These were all battery powered, using Electro Dynamic DC motors and Elco batteries. The batteries were of the lead-plate type in "patented hard rubber cases." The motors ranged in power from 1½hp electric power to 6hp in 1hp increments. The speeds were between 5mph and 7mph and the cruising range varied from 25 miles per charging to 70 miles for the 36-footer. All craft above the 18' size were of fantail stern type.

The larger boats were offered either as open craft with a "canopy top" or as standing top and, in some cases, as glass cabin boats, a la streetcar. In the smaller boats the beam-to-length ratio was always one to four. In the larger sizes, the ratio was one to five. The freeboard was low, and the hulls had considerable deadrise, a feature useful with low hull weight and the need for depth and battery room beneath the cockpit sole. All Elco products were engineered properly, and in the design of these hulls, always the case with Elco, naval architecture's demands were met with finesse.

Customers Aplenty

The elegance of the World's Fair fleet of 36-footers, their quiet and reliable running, brought customers aplenty to Elco. In their

day, these electric launches were as good an engineering peg as later were the Model T Ford car, the Zippo lighter or the DC-3 airplane. Somebody always pioneers, and then imitation causes a breakthrough and a business boom. The electric launch was no exception to this rule, and Elco's clientele was comprised of the much-imitated big money boys, king, queens and dukes. Elco sold electric launches to J.P. Morgan, the Iselins, Vanderbilts and Oelrichs. The King of Siam was a customer, and so was the Duc de Bouvier and other ducks like him.

What these people had, everybody else wanted. A demand for boats of this type coincided with the development of cheap one-cylinder two-cycle gasoline engines. There was another force at work in building up to an explosive boating boom, and this was a boat similar to and imitative of the electric launch: naphtha launches. Up in the Bronx in New York City, a companion boat was being produced, a fantail type also, with a naphtha engine as power. These were being built in increasing numbers by the Gas Engine and Power Co.

The naphtha engine as developed by this firm can best be described as a low pressure steam plant using naphtha for the boiler fluid, burning off some of the boiler "water" to heat the naphtha-filled contents. This power had a little more poop than electric, but as naphtha is a hydrocarbon, roughly between kerosene and gasoline, it was prone to conflagration. The theme song of many a naphtha launch outing was, "There'll be a hot time in the old tub tonight!"

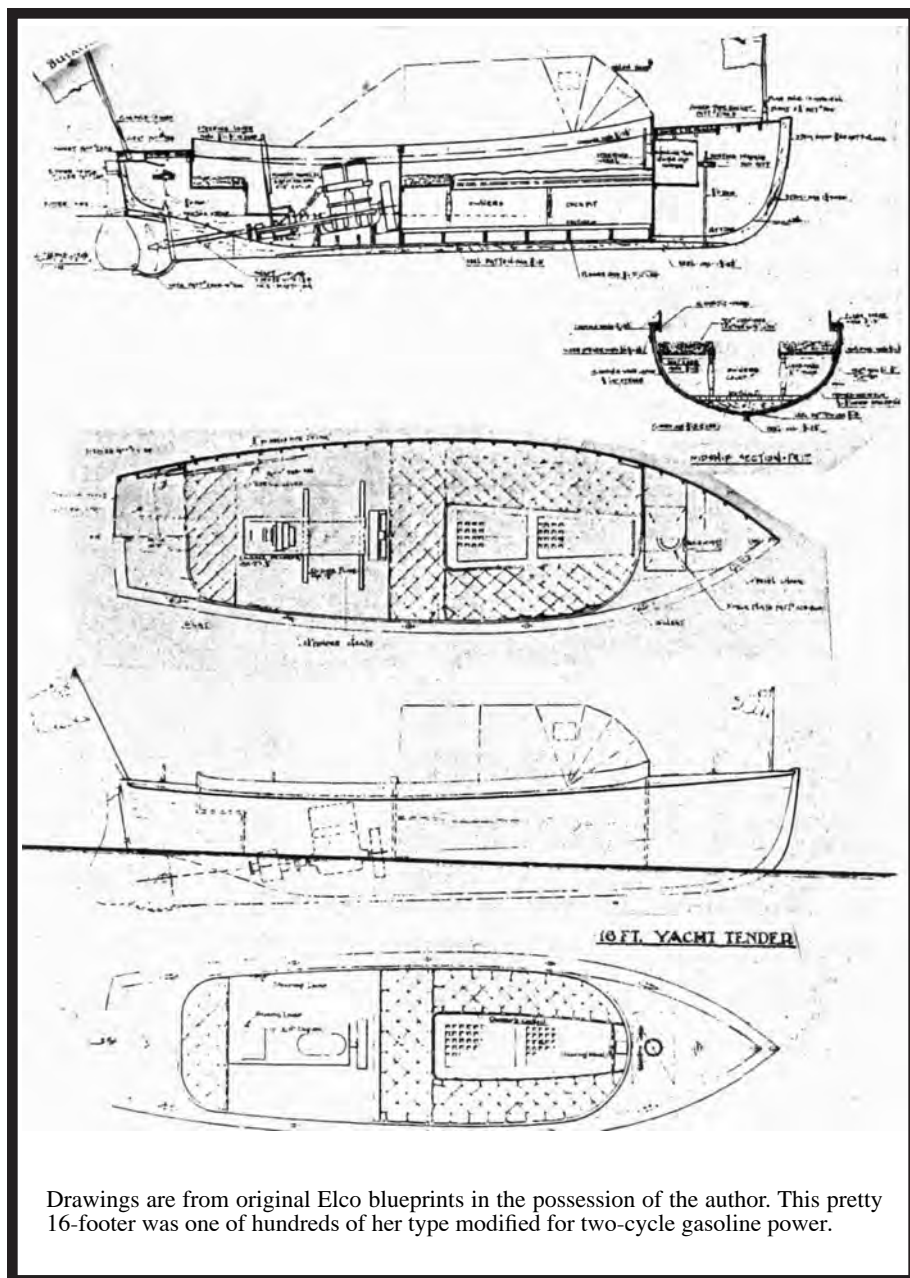
Elco's safe power was relatively expensive by the money standards of those days; both the electric launch and naphtha hulls had set the style, and some enterprising young men set out to harness the internal combustion engine to meet the opportunity presented. The boating explosion resulted, occurring between 1900 and 1910.

Stinkpot Advent

Just about 1900 a few men such as Arthur Caille of Detroit, a slot machine manufacturer, and Joe Termaat and Bill Monahan of Oshkosh, got to building one-cylinder two-cycle gas engines of 2hp to 4hp. They were cheap, selling for from \$29.50 to \$75 and would really kick a boat along. All of these economic ingredients had built up a market hunger: the desirability of the fantail-sterned launch, and the advent of low-cost power, more cussed and stubborn than electricity, but safer by wide margin than naphtha.

It may come as a surprise to today's young men that the boating-boom rainbow of the '60s looks like a hunk of old lead pipe compared to the surge of motorboat development in the nineteen "aught five" era. In 1905, one company, the Brooks Boat Co. of Bay City, Mich., shipped 10,686 knocked-down fantail-sterned boat kits during that one year. The Fred Medart Boat Co. of St. Louis sold and shipped 5,433 knocked-down fantail stern kits. All of these were powerboats, and each had to have an engine. It is little wonder, then, that every manufacturer of stove lids, silver spoons or trunk furniture got into the gasoline boat engine game. The period from 1900 to 1910 saw several hundred brands of engines marketed, all for powerboats.

By today's blatant advertising standards this development would be trumpeted in crowing tones from every publication in the yachting field. In that day, these figures were merely printed records of fact.



Drawings are from original Elco blueprints in the possession of the author. This pretty 16-footer was one of hundreds of her type modified for two-cycle gasoline power.

What sparked the boom was the one-cylinder two-cycle engine and the vogue for "a launch like an Elco." Never mind that the gasoline of that day was sulphur distilled and stunk like a goat. If you could get the "mixing valve" (as the carburetor was then called) ju-u-ust right, and gave her a spark, those old gas engines ran forever and three days more. At just one speed, wide open, full bore. A guy could live with them, and never mind the la-de-da luxury stuff like Elco. Every lake that sported a cottage and a dock soon saw a small power launch that owed its inception to the early electric launch.

Youthful Longing

This statement comes from an awareness lived by this writer. I was alive and kicking then, just barely, with my thumb in my mouth and a change of diapers every four hours. I saw the light of day exactly one month before the Wright brothers flew at Kittyhawk. I cannot tell you my mother was a stewardess for the Wright brothers, but it is a fact that I was born into a family of shipbuilders, grew up with boat hunger highly developed at an ear-

ly age, and with a 10-year-old's awareness in the marine scene, my first yearnings were for an Elco, or, next best, a Brooks boat. Thus, I lived with these early engines and boats.

It is also a fact that I became a designer for Elco for a few years, and had access to these statistics. As I pore through a mint-condition 1901 Elco catalog, a few colorful statements show the honest tenor of those times. On one page is shown a 42' excursion boat, capacity 70 adults, for which the economics ad: "Cost Of Recharging: 40 to 50 cents per hour for full recharge in up to 5 hours. Consumption of electricity from a trolley line will never be noticed."

Was Elco management suggesting larceny? I doubt it. Elco men with whom I worked, such as Irwin Chase, Bill Fleming, Preston Sutphen, Glen Tremaine, Jack Guttridge, Jess Hanson and Johnny Fruehauf, were among the finest men I ever knew. They were honest, conservative, fair and easy to get along with. This is usually the case with real artisans. I never knew a good engineer or a fine mechanic who wasn't a stickler for truth. You can scale Elco drawings today and

get exact measurements from scale, and build from them*.

Which brings me to the 16' version of the up-dated electric launch with inboard gas power shown here: her scantlings are, keel, oak sided $1\frac{3}{4}$ " x $2\frac{1}{4}$ " deep; planking, $\frac{3}{8}$ " lap-strake white cedar, copper fastened; frames spaced 6" centers, $\frac{5}{8}$ " by $\frac{3}{4}$ " sided; plank sheer $\frac{7}{16}$ " by 3" mahogany; coaming $\frac{7}{16}$ " by $3\frac{1}{2}$ " mahogany, power, Mianus Model A-2, 2 cyl. 4" by 4", 6hp at 550rpm. The C.G. of the engine is at the fourth mold abaft the stem.

Two Men Responsible

No broad brushed and even sketchy account of the electric launch and Elco would be fair without mentioning the two men who got Elco off the ground and into full swing: Maurice Barnett, Electro Dynamic's vice president in charge of the thing, and Henry R. Sutphen, his General Manager. I never knew Barnett, but Henry Sutphen was the man who built the company. Sutphen was the

most dynamic man I have ever known. He was a man about 6' tall, straight and broad shouldered, of around 200lbs weight. He had a handsome, roundish face and the most intelligent, piercing deep brown eyes. He looked at you with fierce but contained concentration, as of a coiled spring, rating you with those X-ray eyes to a quarter of a cent in less time than Dun and Bradstreet. These were talented men. They were responsible for the original and subsequent electric launches. Subsequently, Irwin Chase, a graduate of the University of Michigan's school of naval architecture, set the design pace in later yacht development, abetted by Alfred (Bill) Fleming, the best draftsman I ever knew.

Elco is no more. Labor priced itself up to a point where the enterprise was no longer attractive or competitive.

Discreet Death

In discreetly worded ads, in 1948, a swan song was sung for the company in the

yachting press. Shortly thereafter a fire storm, leaping from Staten Island to Bayonne, leveled the lower end of Bayonne and the Elco plant with it. The blueprints and catalogs I have saved from my few working years at Elco are now great treasures. Thus, when the great fire leveled the plant, my possession of these early design records became priceless. Sic transit Gloria...

So passes the glory. Each of us has some pet mechanical milestone he treasures as a benchmark in his life: yours may be the Model T Ford car, or the Zippo lighter or the DC-3 airplane. I get the same cozening glow from thinking about slippery, slinky, silent, unsmelly electric launches.

*(Editor Comments: Many of Weston Farmer's plans and fascinating articles are still available from his grandson doing business today as Weston Farmer Associates in Tum Tum, WA. See his ad in the Plans & Kits Directory).

The Marine Art of Irwin Schuster

VESPER-ARGONAUT

Designed by J. Henry Rushton
circa 1910
16'-0" x 2'-7"



Andbagger Sloop circa 1870's

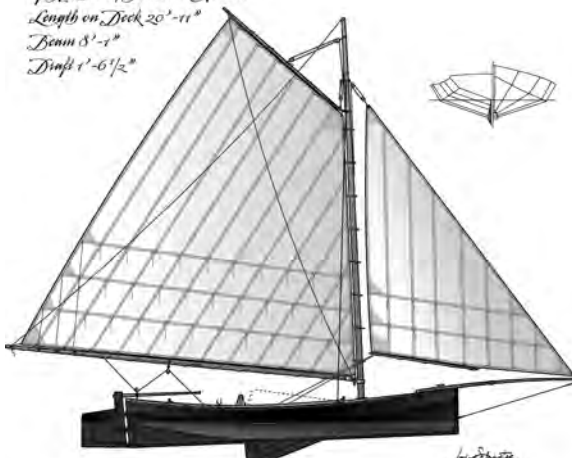


Chesapeake Bay Pogueson Log Canoe circa 1898

LOA 28'-4"
Beam 6'-2"
Draft 3'-8"



Working Long Island Skipjack ca. 1876
based on H. L. Chapelle interpretation
of Humber's Forest Stream
Length on Deck 20'-11"
Beam 8'-1"
Draft 1'-6 1/2"



Like so many other adventures for me, it all started with an ad in *MAIB*... In the middle of January I found myself building a boat at a small architectural school in the heart of Vermont ski country. The ad appeared in the December 2009, issue and noted several classes by the Berkshire Boat Building School. A two-and-a-half day session for a skin-on-frame double paddle canoe was being offered the next week at the Yestermorrow Design/Build School in Warren, Vermont. The school name struck me as a bit hokey, but I have a lot of faith in Vermonters, so I called to see if there was any room in the class. My good fortune, one spot remained.

I gave my credit card information and readily agreed to their meal and dorm plan. This was yet another leap of faith because I do not have an adventurous palate, and I vacated my last dorm almost 50 years ago. Ski season rates would be in full effect in the valley so I knew that six meals for \$50 and two nights for \$60 were unbeatable. I am sure it had nothing to do with the very nice voice at the Vermont end of the phone.

A subsequent email to Hilary Russell, our instructor and owner of the Berkshire School, allayed any remaining fears. This was the same man who wrote a fascinating *WoodenBoat* article about building the same skin-on-frame craft (Nos. 205, 206). After reading that article a year ago, I had decided a skin-on-frame would be my next project. Fate was giving me a kick in the pants, this was just what I needed to get started and the timing was perfect.

Yestermorrow

My arrival at Yestermorrow was heralded by dark skies and a threat of snow, but when I entered the door everything was bright, warm, and smiling. The school is observing its 30th year of operation (so much for the "hokey" part) and offers an incredible range of design and building programs year round, from straw bale buildings to wind and solar energy (www.yestermorrow.org). The facilities include two shops, large design studio, kitchen, dining room, sleeping quarters, computers, and a library (the real kind... with books). A refreshingly "green" tinge was evident everywhere. And, Glory Be! I had a small dorm room to myself.

The Boat: Skin-on-Frame

A skin-on-frame kayak or canoe is a contemporary treatment of the Eskimo seal-

A handy work stool for we Elderhostel folks.



Canoeing with Architects

By Jeff Hillier

skin-covered kayak. Instead of Arctic driftwood found on an icy shore, however, cedar ribs are steamed against stringers held in place by stations mounted on a strongback. A bit of glue and a few screws in critical areas, but no epoxy. Seals the world over applaud the use of synthetic sinew for lashing the frame and polyester fabric for the skin.

Knowing he had to compress the class into such a short period, Hilary arrived early and set up the strongback and the stations. Ribs and stringers were pre-cut, ready for soaking and steaming (quite the steam box he brought). With nine students bringing a wide range of backgrounds and skills, Hilary had to come up with a way to avoid a large clot of people standing around watching, rather than doing.

He soon had small groups working on a number of related tasks; shaping the stems, and building the backrests, thwarts, and floorboards. In addition, several students opted to make their own paddles. Nevertheless, Hilary made sure that everyone had a hand in each aspect of the skin-on-frame process.

As is often the case when building boats, success is in the details. Just a few tricks from Hilary's wily mind; using your belly to help shape the hot ribs, giving a slight concave surface to the underside of the rub rail, cutting the inwale a hair long to provide an outward pressure to counter the inward pressure of the outwale (and, over time, to restrain the ribs' efforts to straighten), threading the top-side of the polyester to snug it over the outer hull, and giving extra care to that first cut of polyester over the stem.

Fascinating Students

The small group interactions hastened our getting acquainted. My first partner was from Vermont and introduced herself as a dairy sheep farmer. It took a while to register, then I suavely blurted, "Huh?" Well, it turns out that sheep (200 of them!) can be milked and a mighty fine cheese can be made. After explaining the process, she ended with an assurance "...and the local restaurants buy every bit of it." You don't hear that in your typical boat building class.

Another young woman served in Ameri-corps in Seattle last year after graduating from a New England college. While out there, she built a 17' kayak. "I had no car, so I had to haul a lot of stuff on my bicycle." Somehow she brought the kayak all the way back to New York State on Amtrak for the princely sum of \$5. Now halfway through a year-long internship at Yestermorrow, she will take quite a resume to that first job interview.

Another Amtrak tale. A father and young son traveled by train all the way from Maryland to Vermont. After hearing about the \$5 kayak, they felt they had a better chance of getting their 8' paddle back home on the train. We were all impressed by the 12-year-old son's quickness to pick up everything around him. We particularly enjoyed it when he explained properties of various glues to Hilary.

Surrounding all of this, of course, was the school and its many other students, teachers, and staff. Many wandered through the shop, often stopping to ask about the boat. Others

joined us at meals. (The food was good, plentiful, organic, local, and very green.)

Late one evening we had spotted one young man taking detailed notes from an architecture text. At dinner the next day, he explained he was at Yestermorrow on a work/share program, trading work (everything from shop to toilets) for course tuition.

Speaking of toilets, a toast ("bottoms up"?) to the Yestermorrow quartermaster for the high quality toilet paper... strong and soft... and it tears neatly on the perfs!

Finishing Up

In his former life, Hilary was an English teacher at a private school in western Massachusetts. Now he teaches only a couple of days a week at a community college, conserving his energies and passions for boat building. Not only is he very knowledgeable about skin-on-frame building techniques, he also is quite the expert on the local crop of carrot cake. (Try the Purple Moon, just down the road.) His innovative use of an office chair on casters was greatly appreciated by the older members of the class.

The course was over much too soon. Thanks to Hilary's careful planning and an occasional laying on of the whip, the canoe was largely completed. In addition, several double paddles were ready for varnish. (The polyester covering of the canoe will need several coats for stiffening, tinted, according to the taste of the student who got the canoe via a raffle.)

At some point during the program, I realized Yestermorrow welcomed this particular boat building course because of its "greenness," a modern version of a traditional craft containing almost no hardware and no epoxy.

I also learned why Vermont has such a high incidence of architects and, thus, an avant garde school like Yestermorrow. Apparently the Vermont of the 1960s and 1970s was characterized by relatively relaxed building codes. Designers and builders who wanted to push the edges a bit, yet hold true to natural and traditional methods, gravitated to this bit of heaven. I guess when they named it the Green Mountain state, they knew where they were headed.

Thank you, *MAIB*, for steering me north in the winter.

For further information on future classes with Hilary Russell see his ad in this issue or go to his website at www.berkshireboatbuildingschool.org.

Careful measuring for the inwale.



Visiting the Workshop on the Water at the Independence Seaport Museum in Philadelphia is always a treat. This winter we viewed three boats exhibited by John Brady, the shop manager.

First to be viewed was *Fish Stix*, a sharpie, built mostly by volunteers, to John's design. Her sister spent last season in the basin outside the shop. All that seemed left to complete was the stem, the trimming of bungs, and painting.

Silent Maid, launched last June, is scheduled to tour the Northeast this summer (see sidebar) and was in the shop receiving a few upgrades and finishing touches. John admits that she is still a work in progress and that last summer's measure of her completion status could be noted by the number of tools left on board. Displacing those tools this year should be a refrigerator, battery bank, alternator, navigation system, a gaff jaw-to-saddle conversion which will peak the sail higher for windward performance, wooden blocks, and five acres of recoated varnish.

During our visit we all enjoyed the privilege of climbing in and around her to appreciate the shape and scale of Francis Sweisguth's catboat. John has nothing but praise for the design and believes she will prove to be a great advertisement for the museum as she heads north beginning on June 1. A race with *Kathleen*, the C.C. Hanley-designed catboat built by Beetle Cat, Inc, is scheduled for the end of July. The original *Silent Maid* will enter the shop as an educational tool with a spotlight cycling between her details and the achievements of the new *Silent Maid* on her tour.

The A-Cat *Torch* was also in the shop. Launched in 2002, she is John's fourth A-Cat. *Torch* recently began spitting the cotton out of her seams, a result of her hull twisting. To keep her competitive her shop time is being dedicated to increasing her rigidity. The cockpit and outside shell will remain intact with most of the improvements affecting the cabin interior. Coming out will be the oak floor boards, a relic used to bring her weight into compliance. As the floors come out, a bathroom scale will be used to determine that the weight coming out will go back in. The changes will be designed only to reduce her twist. Laminated web frames now join the bottom to the sides, which underlap string-

Boats & Spars

By Andy Slavinkas

Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*
Newsletter of the Delaware River Chapter
of the TSCA

ers tied to the deck structure. A plywood web running fore and aft overlaps the cockpit and secures the old with the new. A-Cats are skippered by talented sailors; these upgrades are considered necessary to stay competitive.

Immediately outside the shop in the galleries was the freshly restored tuckup *Top Priority*, built in the 1980s during Roger Allen's tenure. She received new rub rails, a few dutchmen in her planks, hiking straps, and a fresh coat of paint. Rumor has it that patrons and sponsors who supported work within the shop in those days were none too happy to have their names painted on the rudder of a tuckup, so she languished for a while until a frustrated Roger declared that she was a "top priority" for completion... and so it goes.

Following the tour of the shop, John led us into the auditorium for a presentation on making hollow birdsmouth spars. At the outset John stated that his directions come from Skene's *Elements of Yacht Design*. Within Skene's book are diagrams detailing wall thicknesses and diameters according to length and tips for laying out the taper on a variety of spars. A successfully constructed spar does not follow a straight taper from heel to head, but is arced with the maximum diameter usually occurring at the partner on a mast or near the middle on a gaff or boom.

John makes his masts using eight staves. It is not uncommon to see masts using more, but the birdsmouth is easier to mill for an eight-sided spar. Before the mouth is cut, each stave is milled to the width needed to define the maximum diameter. *Wooden Boat* issue #149 provides simplified formulae for calculating stave width and thickness, and though it is in accordance with Skene's scantling suggestions, the article admits this creates an excessive wall thickness for small craft masts. In defense of their apology, some of us are happier to be safe than sorry. The simplified formulae are thus: the maximum

diameter of the spar multiplied by .2 gives the stave thickness, and for each mast section the diameter multiplied by .4 will give the stave width.

With the stave still uniform along its length, the birdsmouth is cut. There are router bits sold to cut the mouth, but at the ISM they use a dado blade set at 45 degrees. After the mouth is cut, the other edge needs to be milled to produce the arced taper. The ISM uses a full length jig which cradles and coaxes the stave into a slight arc. A circular saw followed by a router (to clean up the cut) produces the designed taper. An image of the jig in use can be found in *Wooden Boat* issue #209 or online at woodboatbuilder.com.

When the staves are ready, internal blocking for the heel, partner, spreaders, and head can be trial fit. For larger masts, a hole can be drilled into the blocking to run wires. When all is ready, the staves are glued and held together with hose clamps. Adjusting the clutch setting on the drill avoids over-tightening and breaking the clamps. Though spinnaker poles are laid up straight on their central axis and sprits may be intentionally bent, a mast should be made with one edge straight and only the portion under the partner symmetrical around its central axis. This seems counter-intuitive but it makes the life of the sailmaker easier. If the sail uses wooden hoops or lacing, the straight edge will set forward; if the sail is intended to have slides, the straight edge will lie aft. The same treatment should be used for the boom.

After the glue dries, the spar is sixteen-sided using a pencil gauge and made round using a convex wooden plane. These planes may prove impossible to find new but *Wooden Boat* is here again to save the day with issue #192, showing how an old wooden plane can be converted for spar making. After planing, the spar is made smooth on a lathe and finished and fitted out according to the plans.

A few of us in the know coaxed John to divulge his method for incorporating carbon rod and fabric on the interiors of his spars. A great resource for how he does this and photos of the vacuum bagging process can be found at woodboatbuilder.com/pages/maid-spars.html. Many of the illustrations from John's talk can be found at woodboatbuilder.com/pages/elf_spars.html.

Top Priority, a tuckup built at the ISM in the 1980s, awaiting new spars and the spring sailing season.



John Brady outlining the progress on a sharpie built to his design mostly by volunteers.



I can't help but be encouraged by John's willingness to provide these shop tours and construction seminars. During his presentation I noticed a good many of us nodding with newfound knowledge. Two pages of text don't credit the amount of information given to us in a single evening, and the exciting thing is that we were not only shown how it's done, but we are also invited to use the shop and its resources to make our own spars. Contact Wendy Byar at uubyar@gmail.com for details.



An interior shot of *Torch* showing the new plywood structure added to increase rigidity.



Wendy in the cabin, and John outside the hull describe the work to be done on *Silent Maid*.



Impressive and complex, the spars for *Elf* were made at the Seaport's Workshop on the Water.

A detail of the gooseneck and gaff jaws of *Silent Maid*. The jaws were to be replaced by a saddle this winter.



See the Beautiful *Silent Maid*

on Her Summer 2010
Tour of the Northeast Coast

Silent Maid, a 33' sleek gaff-rigged catboat, handcrafted by Workshop on the Water at Independence Seaport Museum in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, will be touring boat shows, regattas, and yacht clubs from New York to Maine. This lovely vessel is a recreation of the original *Silent Maid*, designed in 1924 by Francis Sweiguth for Edwin Schoettle of Island Heights, New Jersey, and built by Morton Johnson of Bay Head, New Jersey. Intended primarily as a cruising boat, the original *Silent Maid* was the B Class catboat champion on Barnegat Bay in 1925. The original boat will become a display piece at Independence Seaport Museum, preserved with all her history intact.



Silent Maid Summer 2010 Tour Schedule

June 1	Silent Maid departs Philadelphia for Newport, Rhode Island
June 11-13	New York Yacht Club Annual Regatta, Newport, Rhode Island
June 25-27	Wooden Boat Show, Mystic, Connecticut
July 10-11	Catboat Association, Wickford Rendezvous, Wickford, Rhode Island
July 17-18	New York Yacht Club Raceweek, Newport, Rhode Island
July 24-25	Catboat Association, Cross Sound Cat Gathering, Huntington, New York
July 30-August 1	Padanaram Cat Rendezvous, to race Kathleen, Padanaram, Massachusetts
August 5	Castine, ME, Race to Camden, Maine
August 6	Camden, ME, Race to Brooklin, Maine
August 7-8	Egemoggin Reach Regatta, Brooklin, Maine
August 8-14	New York Yacht Club Cruise, Stops in NE/SW Harbor, Swans Island, Mercent, Gilkey Harbor, Camden, Maine
August 15	Opera House Cup, Nantucket, Massachusetts
August 21	Arey's Pond Regatta, Arey's Pond, Massachusetts
August 27-29	Herreshoff Regatta, Bristol, Rhode Island
September 4-6	International Yacht Restoration School, Museum of Yachting Regatta, Newport, Rhode Island
September 11-12	Race Rock Regatta, Stonington, Connecticut
September 18-19	Greenport Classic Regatta, Greenport, New York
September 25-26	Governor's Cup, Essex, Connecticut
October 2	New York Classic, Manhattan, New York City, New York

Berkshire Boat Building School

Specializing in Skin-on-Frame Construction
Spring/Summer/Fall

Classes

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May 21-23: Learn to build a Skin-on-Frame Canoe at our home site in Sheffield, MA

June 4-6: Learn to Build a "Green" Skin-on-Frame Canoe at Yestermorrow

July 12-16: Build Your Own 10½'-15½' Canoe at our home site in Sheffield, MA

July 26-30: Build Your Own 10½'-15½' Canoe at the Essex Shipbuilding Museum in Essex, MA—see our BBBS website for building details

September 26-30: Learn to build your own Kayak at Yestermorrow

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For details, see www.berkshireboatbuildingschool.org.



I was surprised to find that 4'x10' dry-wall is not available at my local joint. Everybody is building 9' ceilings now so drywall also comes 54" wide, either 8' or 12' long. Well, save it for the next bigger boat.

Last time we set up our drafting (lofting) surface and laid out a baseline, AP, FP, bottom profile, and sheer profile. This gives us a profile or side view of the boat. There won't be any reason to change these lines—Mouse unless somebody comes along and talks you into it. By now you have chosen a maximum beam and decided whether to go round bottom, flat bottom, or V bottom.

If you have decided to go flat bottom and slab sided, construction becomes fairly simple. That being the case, why complicate things by going for a more sophisticated shape? If you have been following Chuck's Texas 200, you have doubtless been amazed by the performance of the little square PD Racers (check Duckworks). This tells us that square is seaworthy (max stiffness) and fast enough. The question is, can we trade some stiffness and simplicity for more speed? Certainly it will be worthwhile to try. It may well be that the biggest gain in going for more complex shape is in beauty. Reason enough in my book.

Now it's time to come to grips with the scary part, developing the body plan. It will tax your powers of spatial visualization and three-dimensional integration. Let's work from the whole to the parts like they used to do in the old days. We could carve a model hull and somehow scale it up. Except for a few odd types, proas and gondolas, hulls are symmetrical side to side. Therefore we only need a half-model, as one seen on a nicely varnished backboard hanging in the den.

I carved a half-model of Nina which looked sleek and fast. Then I held it up to mirror and saw how plump she really was. I proudly showed the model to Walt Simmons and with just a glance he said that he would hate to plank it. I learned what he meant when I strip planked it. Don't design something you can't build. Some 30 years later that hull isn't finished yet! But I digress.

Theoretically, we could take our half-model, slice it up transversely, measure the sections very carefully, and build the boat from them. In practice we must loft the hull full-size. I couldn't bear to cut up my lovely model so I carved templates to fit the hull. I don't advocate carving a half-model for this project, but talking about it may help visualize our later work.

We could take our half-model, lay the centerline against the fence of our table saw, and make incremental slices away from the centerline. Pieces would get shorter as we approach maximum beam (except for square boats). These cuts would define buttock lines. If we then turn this bunch of slices so that the center plane is on the table and the deck against the fence and slice it again, we would produce waterlines. We could accomplish much the same thing if we put our half-model on the table and, with a pencil and incremental blocks, ran lines around it.

These two sets of lines define the shape of the hull. In fact, waterlines alone would do it if they were sufficiently close together. However, all these lines aren't much help in building the hull because they don't actually give us anything to put planks on. What we need are some transverse forms (molds, moulds) on which to lay the planks. These molds can be temporary or transoms and

Super Dink Part 2

By Jim Thayer
Sharon Brown Photo



bulkheads which become parts of the boat. To find their shape we need a body plan. Ordinarily the body plan is derived from evenly spaced sections, say every two feet, from stem to stern. For this little project we can just put them wherever they would be most useful. For building, we need forms close enough to support the planks where we want them. One could build a perfectly serviceable boat with just a fore transom, center mold, and an aft transom.

In fact, some Norseman in his barn might well build a nice double-ender with only a center form. For this boat I would suggest a fore transom, a bulkhead a little way aft, a center form, another bulkhead near the aft end, and a stern transom. If you are using limber planks or strip planking, you will need another form for support. The bulkheads are necessarily near the ends if you want room to sleep aboard. The forward bulkhead can be placed to form a watertight flotation compartment as well as to help support the mast tube. The rear bulkhead forms a larger flotation as well as a storage compartment.

The challenge now is to draw a cross section at the point of greatest beam, which is probably near the midpoint of the length. Choose a measurement for the greatest beam of the boat and take half of it. Now let's lay out a half-breadth plan directly above the profile plan. Go somewhat more than the half-beam above your profile and lay out a straight line, parallel with the baseline, which will be the centerline of your half-breadth plan. At the AP depend a line downward (redundant) half the width of your transom. This is probably the width at deck level. If you are going for tumblehome, things get trickier and you are on your own. It is nice to have a little curve athwartships in the transom. Maybe on the order of $\frac{1}{2}$ " to 1".

If you want to get really sexy with 2" or 3" you will have to deal with it. You will also want a little crown in the deck. I don't worry about these details at this stage. Also, if the rear transom has reverse rake it must be taller than if it were vertical. If you like trigonometry, you can play with this. Otherwise we will just eyeball it.

We also need to do something at the FP. Either draw in the half-width of your fore transom or something to represent your stem treatment. We now have two points (the half-widths of the deck at each end of the boat) and a max half-beam somewhere between them. Spring your long batten between the two end points and, at some point, passing through your max half-beam. Use weights to hold it in place and fool around with it until you like the looks of it. The max beam is usually just a little aft of mid-length, but hot round-the-world boats these days are sort of triangular with max beam near the transom. This new line will be the sheerline (deck edge) looking down on the boat.

Now then, erect a vertical line from the baseline up clear to your half breadth centerline at the point of maximum beam. OK. Move over to the right end of your lofting surface where we are going to develop the body plan. It is nice to have more room than the max-beam, but it's not crucial. We only have to have half the beam but it requires a little more care not to get mixed up. We can put our centerline off center and put the small forms on one side and the large ones on the other. We'll call it a centerline anyway.

Erect a centerline a couple of feet tall. It will be parallel to the baseline and the other centerline. Add a baseline at right angles to the other lines. Starting at the baseline, draw waterlines parallel to the baseline and at the same spacing you used before. Likewise, draw in your buttock lines. You now have a nice grid which, per our example, has 6" squares.

Now comes the good part. We will actually draw the midsection. Fig 1 shows some likely forms. For a given beam, A is stiffest, B is less so, C tippiest still, D and E have flare so one can sit out. I think I am going for something like F. Having picked something, let's draw it.

Go to your profile and measure along the vertical from the baseline up to the sheerline. Remembering the number, go around to the body plan and measure up the distance and put a small dot. Where exactly? As close as you can guess to the max half-beam. Now go to the half-breadth and measure along the line down to the sheer. Locked in your head, take the number around to the body plan and measure out from the centerline. With any luck the points should be fairly close together.

Without changing any measurements, bring the points together until they coincide. Put a heavy dot, put a little circle around it, and label it S. This point is fixed. We aren't going to change it. If the bottom profile where you have chosen to put your form does not rest on the baseline, you must measure how far up it is and measure up the same amount on your body plan. Now you have two points, one on the sheer and one on the centerline, which define what we will henceforth call the mid-ship mold. In between these two points you will draw something that resembles one of the forms shown in Fig 1 That's it! You have basically designed the boat. The aft transom should pretty much resemble the midsection. Whatever you do up front should sort of fit with the rest of the boat.

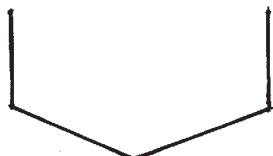
I'll bet many of you have now got the hang of this, or knew it all to start with, and are off and running. If not, hang in there and next time we will get the rest of the body plan worked out and maybe cut some wood.

(To Be Continued)

Figure 1



A



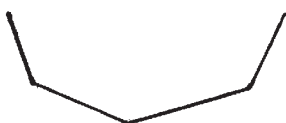
B



C



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A Call to Build and Race Mouse Boats, PDRs Any Eight-Footers

By Greg Grundtisch

Last year's Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival at St Michaels, Maryland, had an exhibition of building PDRs, Puddle Duck Racers (essentially a Phil Bolger Brick). Two were built over the weekend and one was sailed with great success. This year, along with more PDRs, there is hope of having the same type of building exhibition for Mouse Boats. It is thought that if we can get enough of these boat owners to gather together for this year's Mid-Atlantic Festival, we can start a new racing event in the protected cove at St Michaels. A regatta of sorts, for an open class of rowing, paddling, and sailing vessels of about 8' in length.

Both Mouseboats and PDRs can be easily built rather quickly by an amateur with minimal tools and at minimal cost for materials. There are many possibilities for this event such as family building, mother and daughter building or racing, father and son racing, or various groups building and racing, such as the high schools, Boy Scouts, etc. Anyone who already has an eight-footer should strap it to the car roof and bring it along, it's an open class, with rules (what rules?!) to be determined later. Paddle it, row it, or sail it. Bring it. This is to be for fun and bragging rights, and a trophy, of course.

It's getting time to begin thinking about what boat to build, or what one to spruce up this spring, have it ready for the summer, and get all the kinks worked out (see Jim Thayer's series on building a Super Dink). Then bring it to St Michaels. If you don't have an eight-footer, bring what you have, or just show up for the event, you can beg, borrow, or commandeer one, or I can let you use one of mine.

It's a weekend event with workshops, demonstrations, and a speaker on Saturday evening, kid's events, a dinner, racing for oar paddle and sail, and just messing about in boats in the beautiful cove and Miles River. Free camping, too!

So if you know someone who has an eight-footer, tell him or her about the event, if you have one, bring one, if you want to build, that's fine, too. Do it all. It's great fun for everyone!

To learn more about the museum or building Mouseboats or PDRs, just google cbmm.org or Mouseboats or Puddle Duck Racers. There are many photos and lots of information out there on both. Free plans are available on the website offering various designs and sail plans for both boats.

Hope to see you there in the fall, first weekend in October, plan now. Happy sails!



Puddle Ducks.

Mouse Boats



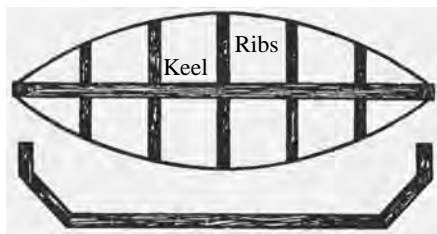
Few will agree that the art of the boat-builder is easy to copy. Take a good look at the next canoe you come across and notice how beautifully her lines are moulded and with what neatness her sides are fashioned. The curving of those wooden strips would be beyond the average fellow, and he would have considerable difficulty in getting the planking watertight. In such circumstances it would seem rather like courting censure to say to a chap: "Now then. What about building your own craft?" Nor would I, if I had not come across a canoe which rather took my eye, and which the owner assured me was built entirely by himself at nine, cost of less than a pound.

Few tools are required in the construction and the canoe is quite simple to make. The main feature of the craft is the keel, the backbone of the boat, which is fashioned from a piece of ash, as shown in Fig. 1. An easy way of making this is to dovetail the bow and sternpost onto the straight keel piece formed of 3" square timber.

The Ribs

The centre piece, or keel, is 8' long. Then are five ribs on either side, and they should be mortised into the keel. If mortising or dovetailing is beyond you, do not despair, as these joints can be made quite strong by the use of good brass screws. The ribs are made of 2" square timber, the two centre ribs, one each side, are made of three pieces as shown in Fig. 2. The other ribs are made in two sections, each rib being a little narrower in angle than its neighbour going forward, and the same aft, working from the centre. This can be seen in Fig. 2; the height is not altered at all, but kept uniform.

If desired the centre ribs can be made in two sections like the others; but this, of course, narrows the boat. The woodwork of the sides consists only of two strips of wood on either side, one all round the top of the ribs and one half-way down. Both strips are screwed on the outside of the skiff, short sections are run from one rib to the other.



Figures 1 & 6: Below, the keel of the canoe and above details for fitting the ribs and keel.

Keel in five parts sections dovetailed or screwed.

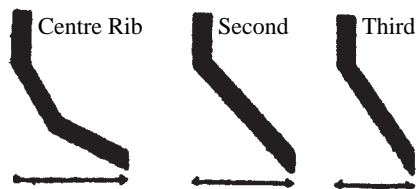


Fig. 2: Details of the ribs.

Make Your Own Canvas Canoe

From *Hobbies Magazine* (UK), April 1931
Reprinted from *Paddles Past*, Journal of the
Historic Canoe & Kayak Association

A canvas canoe is a handy and cheaply-erected device. You will find it of immense use for swimming, fishing, exploring the river, etc. It can be made in a very few hours and is quite "seaworthy". It is featured on this week's cover.



The Seats

The seats are run across from one rib to the other, and should be 5" wide. These are supported, as in Fig. 3, by two angle pieces, the seats being lowered 2" or 3" inside the boat. Then a centre strut is fitted in the middle of the seat down to the keel. The strengtheners need only be 2" wide, and are secured by four angle pieces, two underneath and two on top.

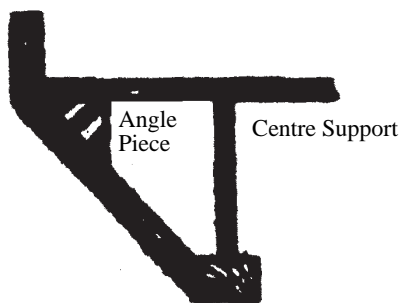


Fig. 3: How to secure the seats.

Lay out the canvas and with a piece of chalk mark out the shape before cutting (see Fig. 4). A good idea is to paste newspapers together and fit the sheet to the side of the skiff, then run round it with a pair of scissors; this will give you a pattern to cut the canvas to. Sew the canvas together at the bottom where it will fit the keel using a sailmaker's needle, palm and waxed thread. Place the skeleton of the boat with the centre

of the keel along the middle canvas where it is sewn, and then sew up the bows and the stern. See that there is no slack canvas, though the little that is bound to be there, even when a good fit is made, will disappear by shrinkage when the canvas is painted.



Fig. 4: The canvas should be cut to the shape shown here.

Turn your skiff upside down and paint the canvas where it runs along the keel, two coats at least. Cut out some strips of thin wood the width of the keel and nail tightly along the keel: this is to protect the canvas when the boat is dragged down to the water.

The top of the canvas can either be nailed along the top of the sides, gunwales as they are called, or turned over the top and secured on the inside. Now coat the canvas with paint, both inside and out, several times, to make it quite watertight.

Completing the Canoe.

The last stage is now reached; bottom boards are required to save wear and tear on the canvas (see Fig. 5). These can be made of thin pieces of timber in sections, so that they can be taken out when desired. Cut each piece of wood so that it fits in between its thwart (see Fig. 6), cutting away where necessary to fit close to the ribs, as shown in Fig. 7. The edges of these boards should be buffed where they touch canvas, so that no damage is done. This can be performed by either nailing old cycle tires along the edges; or several thicknesses of the spare cuttings of canvas.

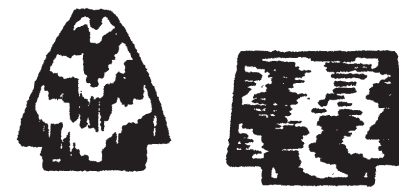


Fig. 5: The bottom boards with cuts for ribs.

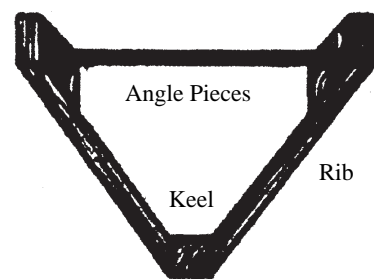


Fig. 7: How the ribs are secured.

Swivel rowlocks can be fitted to the tops of the ribs if oars are used. Perhaps a rudder is considered necessary; if so, it can be made of wood to the same shape as is seen on boats, and fitted to the stern with hinges. It will be noticed that the stern falls away too quickly and will not allow of the rudder being fitted securely, so a triangle of wood is fitted to fill in the gap.

One point to be remembered is, always paint the skeleton of the skiff before fitting the canvas because some places will be inaccessible afterward.

The Paddle

Fig. 8 shows the shape of the blade. This can be cut out of three-ply plywood. The handle of the paddle is best constructed from an ash pole, such as is used for gardening implements. This can be obtained from any good-class ironmongers.

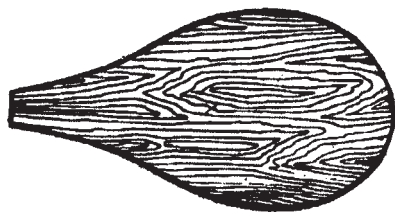


Fig. 8: The shape of the blade.

Fig. 9 shows the slot cut in the end of the pole to accommodate the paddle blade; the width of the slot will, of course, depend on the thickness of the blade. This slot is best made by sawing down the end of the pole after securing the latter in a vise or clamp and then cutting through between the base of the two saw cuts with a chisel. Care should be taken when cutting the slot, otherwise the pole may be split down during this operation.

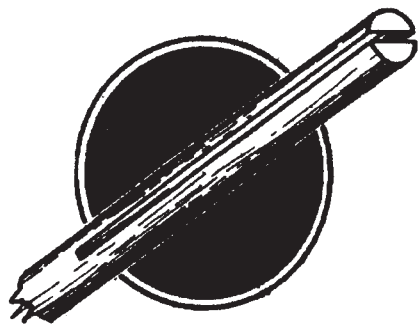


Fig. 9: The slot cut in the end of the pole.

How to Prevent the Handle from Splitting

In order to prevent the wood from splitting when securing the blade to the handle, it is best, to place metal bands round the handle on each side of the blade where the bolts are passed through, as shown in Fig. 10. These bands can easily be cut from tin or zinc.

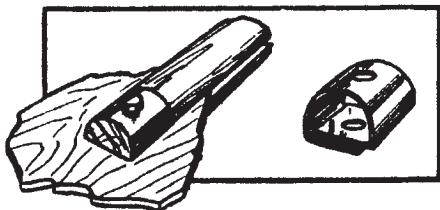


Fig. 10: How the handle is connected to the blade.

The paddle now requires a knob grip as shown in Fig. 11. This is secured by a fairly long screw passing through the centre of the knob into the handle of the paddle. The paddle is now complete and should appear as in Fig. 12, except for a few finishing touches. After being thoroughly sandpapered a good priming paint should be applied. This may be made up from red and white lead mixed to the right consistency by adding turpentine. When thoroughly dry, rub over lightly with a fine sandpaper.

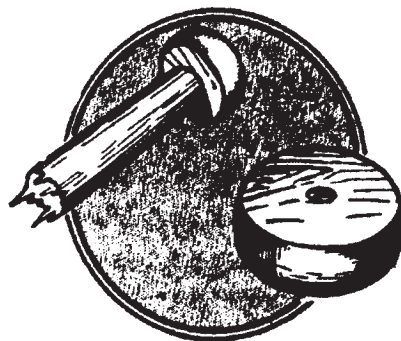


Fig. 11: The knob grip.

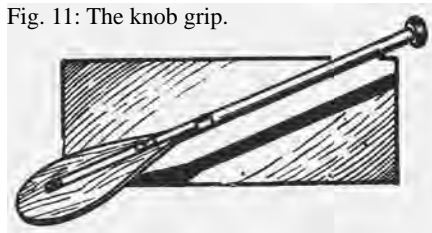
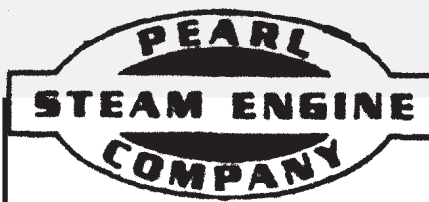
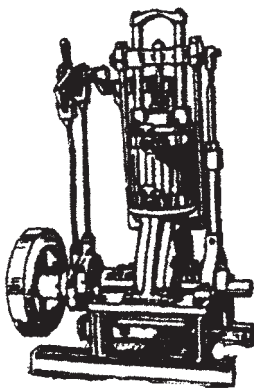


Fig. 12: The paddle for the canoe.

The paddle is now ready to be painted any colour desired. It is advisable to give the paddle two or three coats of paint, so as to render it as near as possible waterproof in order to prevent it from warping.

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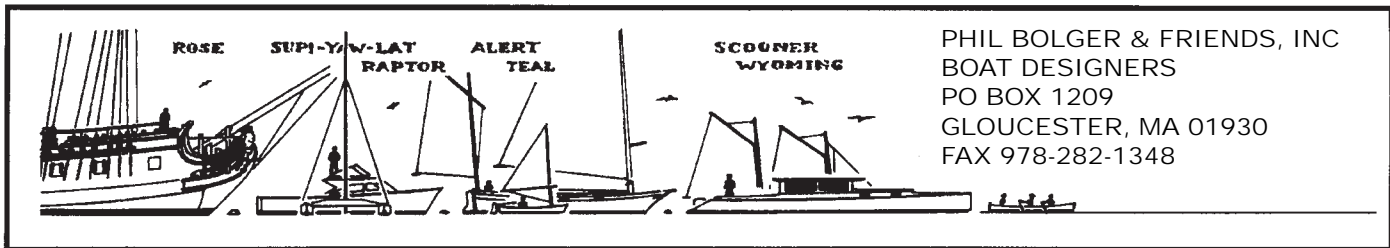


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Up-front I should state that the article promised in the last issue will be featured soon. As I slowly recover my strength after the truly devastating loss of my husband Phil, my focus sharpens progressively and I decided instead to let the chronology of our shared work guide the schedule of these contributions to this magazine.

The year before Phil's death was strenuous in our efforts to constructively engage in Gloucester's examination of its working harbor's future. Primarily based on the fortunes of the commercial fishing industry, ecological and man-made influences had always had direct impact on this city's socio-economics, its budget for schools, fire stations etc. And as longer time readers of *MAIB* already know after studying the previous 11 chapters on this narrative, we'd since late 2002 seen an increasingly urgent need for 21st Century correct fishing vessels to adapt to energy cost increases, ecological challenges and regulatory restrictions on the commercial fleet.

Beginning with the first settlement to fish and exploit uplands resources in 1623, then mostly for export back to England, Gloucester's harbor is America's oldest continuously active "Marine Industrial Park", primarily invested in fishing and the necessary infrastructure to support this lucrative industry. Due to resource mismanagement by regulators and industry across many 20th century decades until recently, the available resource had shrunk significantly, prompting environmental watchdog groups to intervene legally. While significant elements of the resource would come to recover, the draconian catch limitations imposed on the fleet damaged the economic viability of Gloucester's Inner Harbor as well.

As shrinking numbers of fisheries-related enterprises, and thus jobs and tax base, took their toll on the city's economics and sociology, some property owners along the harbor restructured their business models and invested accordingly. But others would not, did not, could not adapt to changing circumstances. Facing reduced income across more and more of the harbor's properties and businesses, many came to organize under the Chamber of Commerce to push for lifting of many local and state provisions explicitly formulated to protect the "Working Port" nature of much of the Inner Harbor.

In 1978 Gloucester had signed on to a regulatory compact with the Commonwealth of Massachusetts that explicitly focused on stopping key ports from further loss of working water frontage vital for fishing, sea-based shipping, boat/vessel construction and repair, fish auctions, and processors and various supporting industries requiring direct access to the waterfront. Today, alterations to these regulatory provisions require state approval and thus much local discussion and eventual political support by the Administration and the City Council. And we were in the middle of it.

Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Messing About in Fishing Boats

Chapter 12

By Susanne Altenburger

Since this is Phil's "Home-Port", drawing on Phil's life-long design work towards efficient construction of efficient and effective boats, we had long ago decided to attempt to nudge the fleet and thus the economic fate of the port towards more sustainable vessel types, and their construction here. And we thought that these more sustainable working craft would likely spawn a market for equally advanced pleasure craft as well. Thus we had been interested in a re-emergence of a lively competitive boat building industry that could first support the needs of the commercial fishing fleet in the 21st century but also stand on its own addressing institutional, governmental and certainly the largest pleasure boat market.

Alas, beyond a few scattered efforts here and there building skiffs, daysailers and the occasional smaller power craft project, anyone with a boat building project had very limited, if any, opportunities to find resonance here to get their projects built here and to bring these jobs to Gloucester. We sure had tried to channel such contracts to Gloucester (and Essex), but productive wherewithall to cater to such clients had starkly atrophied and that had to change!

Starting in March, 2008 we were drawn into a dense sequence of public events, hearings, "envisioning" sessions, along with numerous private exchanges, plus a few opinion pieces in our local paper. Serious political and economic pressure had been building to open the regulatory door towards allowing non-water-based commerce and associated gentrification threats. Since resource and thus port sustainability goes well beyond city limits, we were compelled to act on the regional level as well, where we attended fisheries management hearings, pushed for coverage of our efforts in key industry trade magazines and pursued politicians on every level. The commercial viability of the Inner Harbor was and continues to be at stake.

During those 14 months between March '08 and May 24th, '09 we pursued every opportunity to emphasize before the community the opportunities of re-developing commercial boat building along advanced economic and ecological sustainability along the fully zoned and permitted Inner Harbor and elsewhere. Our plausible

assumption was, and is, that the ecological and regulatory cycles of commercial fishing suggested the need for a steadying element for the harbor economy such as advanced commercial boat building for all sorts of clients well beyond the fishing industry.

We would not anticipate the accelerating demands on our energies, our emotional strength, and ultimately time. Since 2002 we had invested much time already on this "package" of issues. So we agreed, often with a weary eye on our overall situation, that we could not leave this field of engagement now as locally and regionally related politics began to heat up. We were in it too deep. Issues were most serious indeed. And we could not discern any sustainable solutions on the various agendas to counter the disastrous "go limp"/"sell-out" impulses offered by too many on the one side, and hard-edged short-term lucrative schemes pursued by and for a few who had taken notes from recent Wall Street exercises. We had to be there and speak up.

Phil and I would come to invest, and we would never have planned this level of expense, well over 800hrs (400hrs per person) during this year, lobbying on every level to prevent terminal gentrification of this largest full-service (except for boatbuilding!) fishing port on the Gulf of Maine. As Phil had put it often, he was concerned that he might not be able to afford living here if this were to become more resortish, quite apart from the persistent embarrassment of seeing a fleet stuck in the '80s, and not being able to welcome clients interested in building sizable hulls under our supervision. So at 80 Phil put his weight one more time into the effort, pulling himself together for each occasion in one too long hard draining slog right up to two days before his death.

It was a mix of highlights and further demoralizing blows: We did succeed in adding our perspective to this community's agenda, with a few more voices speaking in its favor, including eventually the new mayor in a dedicated Letter of Support to be shared with state and federal politicians. We would come to collect signatures of 40 fishermen and a dozen or two shore-side stakeholders. February and April '09 we would testify before the New England Fisheries Management Council (offering the Open Letter below) but without any verbal or written response from any member since, the whole body apparently dismissing Phil's perspective wholesale.

April 13th, '09 we had direct face time with our Congressman, John Tierney (D) who added another 12 minutes to a 30-minute time-slot; serious engagement on key issues suggested resonance and constructive response (still pending). We finally got into personal contact with several advisors to Senator Kerry with results as yet to be forthcoming. We put together and submitted to key players several dozen three-ring binders with copies of our printed work and ar-

ticles on us in trade mags since '01, by now weighing in at over 39oz.; this excludes the *MAIB* coverage.

In just the two weeks before his death, three elected local leaders chose to cancel/dismiss casually Phil's personal request for some face time to discuss our perspective at some depth; Friday morning, May 22nd '09 he (we) would get whacked by the last such humiliation. There are a number of folks in key positions here and regionally who, with casual cruelty, weakened Phil further, never mind myself. I do have a long memory though. We assured each other once more just days before his death that all this needed doing, that we could not have stood by idly, gawking at the tragedy, pulling up the draw-bridge to our work, and denying our help to a fleet and Phil's home-port in deep trouble.

Now, as of Spring, 2010 it continues to decline further, with no vessel prepared for \$4/gal, not to mention \$5/gal fuel costs. There are some signs of progress though, I hope to be able to report good news soon. I attach the following text as an example of our effort. Mailed from the home-address of John Pappalardo (NEFMC President) both the letter and the 39oz binder were recently returned after 12-months of "dead air" with a short "Thank You" note attached, suggesting that I might be interested in re-using the binder for another purpose... No engagement on the substance of our work, but misspellings.

Here is the full text of our perspective for the regional New England Fisheries Management Council (NEFMC):

An Open Letter to the New England Fisheries Management Council, 04/09/09, Mystic, CT

A Catastrophic Problem for Our Commercial Fishing Industry and Its Ports

Federal code has stifled any natural evolution towards low-carbon principles to guide this industry of resource extraction and transportation. A deeply entrenched high-carbon culture pervades this industry and its governance on regional and federal levels. It has damaged local port economies by undermining fleet economics. Distorted port and fleet viability put at risk seafood supply security.

In 2009 the commercial fishing fleet structure remains largely unadapted to the ecological and economic challenges of resource management, rising energy cost, and climate change. We know of no other example of a resource extraction and transportation industry in which such punitive consequences are de facto deemed acceptable and considered part of its systemic make-up well into the 21st Century and the "Age of Obama".

History

Until recently it has been very difficult to predict and establish the actual weight of a given fishing boat hull as built. Without an immediate, affordable, and reliable assessment method to determine hull weight, various forms of linear measurement became commonplace. A common one is defining a given hull's size by its measured length. On the other hand, in human physiology body length is not a reliable predictor of actual body weight. Instead for medical purposes the now common bathroom scale is the instrument of choice to determine actual human size. For about a generation now, most

ports feature the ready capability, in the form of so-called Travel-Lifts, to quickly measure to reasonable precision the actual weight of any given craft it can lift. In Massachusetts the largest such machine can lift over 320 tons, able to weigh well over 99% of the regional commercial fishing fleet.

Conceptual Stagnation in Key Regulation and Practices

Across recent decades of federal regulation of the commercial fishing industry, federal code has persisted in anachronistically defining a given vessel's size by its length rather than mass, as in weight. This has (predictably) resulted in a fleet that has over these decades gotten wider, deeper, heavier for its length and thus much more carbon-intensive than available resource and energy cost levels can support sustainably.

The resource is well regulated towards recovery of sustainability as a consequence of progressively more sophisticated science, deliberative protocols, and resultant advanced resource-regulatory policies but the fleet has artificially been prevented by federal code from evolving similar degrees of sophistication in coherent resonance with resource managerial demands and the unavoidable costs and problems of carbon.

Corrosive Consequences for Resource, Fleet and Its Ports: Least-Carbon Scenarios are on No Agenda

Neither least-carbon vessel economics nor regulatory carbon footprint sensitivity guide industrial policy. Deep entrenchment of high-carbon regulatory and operational concepts and reflexes persists.

There is no symbiosis of 21st Century ecological and economical dictates in either fisheries management or fleet-internal governance, in neither research nor forum of policy formulation.

Rather than qualitative upgrades of fleet economics using least-carbon vessel types to allow staying in business under tight resource access restrictions and accelerating energy costs, NMFS, together with some key industry leaders, favor quantitative reduction/consolidation of fleet units with the remaining high-carbon types expected to survive on greater resource shares; these '80s/'90s type operations are rooted in \$1/gal fuel costs!

Instead of favoring by policy shortest steaming times to nearby grounds from established small and large fishing ports by a myriad of fishermen, high-carbon fleet policies dictate consolidation of fewer high-carbon hulls in fewer ports, forcing longer steaming times in vessels designed under \$1/gal.

Shore-side stakeholders suffer avoidable income, tax base and jobs base losses.

Private/Public Responsibilities to Incubate Least-Carbon Solutions: Our Private Role

We have raised these issues on the local, regional and federal levels since early 2003, after observation and assessment of these consequences of the regulation in full development for decades already. The discussions leading up to Amendment 13 with its draconian catch limits really highlighted the importance to enhance vessel economics to match the limitations on catch. Once acceptable economically in the age of cheap fuel and abundant resource, the length limit's progressively destructive impact had become well observable.

We have not found any research by institutions of research, collaborative, and industry organizations into respective approaches as a matter of resource managerial conceptual coherence. The following institutions of research have not offered substantive input in the definition of low-carbon concepts to guided resource and industry management either as a group or as individual entities: North-East Consortium i.e. MIT, UNH (Durham), etc. Umass, Gulf of Maine Institute, etc.

And there appears to be no record under collaborative research either, research in direct collaboration with fishermen and their craft, that reflects these fundamental concerns of the resource and the industry's viability in their inevitably symbiotic coexistence under the heading of New England Fisheries.

Not surprisingly, a poll of the boat designing and building exhibitors at the leading East Coast FishExpo '08 in April '08 in Providence, RI, revealed no response in concept or prototyping to the then accelerating energy cost at a time of shrinking access to the resource.

Whether in academia or boat yards, length-based regulation continues to prevent research on or even the conceptual speculation in public of a fleet without it, as it is apparently deemed an untouchable "given". It should be noted that in Dec. '04, NMFS Administrator Kurkul did offer the availability of R&D Fishing Permits in support of the development of advanced least-carbon vessel types and operations.

But here in Gloucester we have assembled broad-spectrum support for this project with 40 local fishermen (plus key harbor-side stake-holders), the Conservation Law Foundation and the Ocean Alliance, and most recently Gloucester's Mayor Carolyn Kirk. We have also established that this regulation continues to firmly stand in the way of fishermen migrating laterally from high-carbon to least-carbon fishing craft. A recent meeting with three staffers of NMFS led by Regional Administrator Mantzaris confirmed the agency's insistence on this letter of the law.

We have established that the shift from length towards weight would be resource-neutral, assuming all other regulatory resource protection untouched, and would produce little protest from within the industry.

The persistence of this regulation is due primarily to institutional/industrial inertia! Few designers, naval architects, boat builders, or, for that matter, informed operators would argue in defense of any such high-carbon-dictate. This regulatory concept (length=size) precedes the current generation of regulators, suggesting that no personal/philosophical pride of original authorship keeps it alive.

The Role of the Public

Whether so long ago in 2003 when we began to fully recognize the depth and cost of this particular regulatory concept, or today in 2009, it has always behooved federal and state regulators to listen to, and consult with, our industry to examine obvious and predictable consequences of applying such technically inappropriate regulatory concepts as the foundation to all matters of fishing vessel regulation.

Whether in earlier decades of cheap fuel and abundant fish this notion was considered unexceptionable is now beside the point for the current generation of regulators, fishermen and designer and builders. What matters

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now is that its continued enforcement serves neither the resource nor does it advance the economics of the fleet or the seafood supply line, not to mention catering to any needs of port economics.

This industry's evolution towards modern levels of energy efficiency has been unarguably stunted by federal code. In light of the flagrant absence of any explicitly low/least carbon fostering regulation, it can readily be argued that even federal regulatory concepts themselves have been negatively impacted by this piece of code. Indeed, mindsets and reflexes across the Industry have been compromised.

By current code no private fisherman would be allowed to explore one-to-one lateral migration from high-carbon towards least-carbon craft of similar fishing capability to match his NMFS Permit.

Addressing through R&D these progressively damaging consequences is indeed government business! This is a prime opportunity to lead in the abolition of a pervasive evil without parents or legitimacy.

The Private/Public Project Partnership: What Needs Doing?

Stress testing the presumed legitimacy of said code by state and federal assessment teams. We expect few, if any, defenders of high-carbon dictates in this age of limited access to the resource and projections of permanent escalations of energy cost to and beyond 2008 levels.

Incubation of Fleet Sustainability Through Least-Carbon Prototypes Here in America's Oldest Seaport

Building several prototypes of fishing vessels to match common sizes and characteristics of common fisheries would demonstrate to fleet and regulators alike how negative this superannuated regulation has been for the viability of fleet and resource.

Based on our professional design track record since 1952 these prototypes must address the challenges for today's fleet via advances in vessel economics to match operational cost with resource availability; via advances in vessel safety in pursuit of sinking and capsizing resistance; and via emphasis on greater integration of renewable materials and energy sources.

Testing these prototypes will strongly underscore the need to adjust certain federal regulations that have de facto stymied the evolution towards advanced greener fishing vessel economics. Instead of defining vessels/permits by length and engine power, weight and power are appropriate. Instead of short, wide and thirsty, the 21st century fleet must be longer/leaner for its weight and power.

Only publicly funded research & development can offset the destructiveness of a piece of code that damages the public in the name of the public's interest.

What Direct Outcome?

Stress-testing length=size into oblivion for good, with subsequent purging of directly related sub-regulations from state and federal books.

Weight-based design will open up broad opportunities to explore the limits of least-carbon long and lean for the weight and given allowable horsepower across diverse hull geometries, long overdue and inviting spectacular fuel and drive train savings well above the 50% mark to go hand in hand with significant advances in safety characteristics based on a high percentage renewables structural matrix.

Thus sensitized, thorough examination of other regulation as to their relative carbon-intensity must be the expected next step, with some remaining items unavoidable as is and many others adjustable to match current and projected ecological and economical demands, with a few more "Zombie-Regs" eliminated as a matter of administrative house cleaning of high-carbon undesirables.

New England must take the lead! Feedback?

Yours sincerely, Phil Bolger & Susanne Altenburger

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Part 4: Sailing in Higher Winds

One of my goals in designing the twin-sail set-up was to be able to sail my kayak upwind and downwind in a wide range of conditions without having to resort to mounting amas. I was looking for an opportunity to test the rig in the upper wind range. The wind in the San Francisco Bay area is, on average, excellent for all kinds of sailing in spring and summer, but from day to day it can still be hard to predict and it's always interesting to watch the human forecasters compete with the computer models. I waited and watched on iwindsurf.com for signs of good wind, and in a few days both human and electronic forecasters were predicting a blow for Saturday.

I rigged up my full-reefed sails (14.5 total square feet), which are not only small but have a very low center of effort to help with wind forces. I drove over to Shoreline Lake early on Saturday, set up in some shade, munched on a tasty snack, and waited. The wind was nonexistent, then barely there, then clocking around, then nonexistent again. I walked over and talked to a windsurfer who seemed to have come too early like me, and discussed the situation. He said the wind would be up around 2pm and headed off on his stock windsurfer board for a round of stand-up paddling on the flat water. Since he already had a medium-wide board, all he needed was a shorter skeg and a long paddle. Oh, and a good sense of balance, something I admired from a distance as he cruised around.

Some time later he returned and we got to talking. Turned out he was very knowledgeable about the lake and its wildlife (I didn't know it had much underwater wildlife) and was excited that the stand-up paddleboard allowed him to look down into the water from a higher angle and see lots of things he couldn't see in a boat because of distortion and reflections. He had spent a lot of time going around the edge of the lake and swore on a stack of wetsuits that he saw a very large (5' or so!), red-brown, somewhat sleepy fish near the bottom at the upper end of the lake. Shoreline Lake is a body of saltwater diverted in from the bay, so this is at least possible. I resisted the urge to make fish dinner or Loch Ness jokes and tried to focus on the wind, which was now picking up quickly.

At this point another fellow kayak sailor arrived, Steve Ochoa, with his custom Viking type sail. His design uses a PVC pipe receiver attached into the bottom of his Pelican kayak hull just in front of the seat and a pipe mast with a cross piece to hold the rectangular sail. The whole thing can be rolled up and carried along as he paddles upwind, then unrolled and mounted to cruise along downwind. The sail/mast is hand held and can be tilted and turned a bit to help with steering. For bigger direction changes, Steve uses his paddle. We launched and headed upwind to the end of the lake. He paddled and I tacked and pedaled the Hobie some since the wind was shifty, gusty, and inconsistent. Then we cruised back downwind under sail. A few more windsurfers had arrived, which was a good sign for higher windspeeds, and the wind was beginning to settle in to mostly west. I say mostly, because it still had a shifty quality to it.

We sailed for quite a while and then Steve took off for a snack and home and I took a break to let the wind fill in. It was now blowing 14-20kts, averaging about 16-17 on my meter. As I was returning from the

Evolution of the Twinsail Rig

By Steve Curtiss
curtoid@sbcglobal.net



men's room I noticed a large bird above the lawn area nearly motionless about 15' in the air. There were not many people around and, as I watched it, I realized the bird had no practical purpose for doing this. It was a crow and was not trying to gain altitude, or to catch fish, or to hover over field mice, or anything else for that matter. It was apparently just having a little fun with the strong wind that kicked upwards when it hit the grass berm. As I watched, the wind gusts, shifted, and tipped the crow off balance enough to force it over too near some tree branches. With a squawk it bobbed and weaved and regained its position.

But there was something different, something special about that squawk. It was not the usual bickering, territorial cry I hear all the time from crows in my neighborhood. It sounded more like surprise and, yes, enjoyment, more like "Wow! @#!" Like something a sailor might say when the boat gets buffeted around a little bit. I've read recently that the crow family is smarter than most primates, and it occurred to me that perhaps having a little fun with the forces of Nature without the necessity of any purchased equipment might be a sign of that intelligence.

Now the wind seemed more steady and I launched again. I was able to take the forces and gusts pretty easily since my "sheets" are just very short straight lengths of rope with no cleats or blocks. This means there's no delay to respond to a puff and I could do what beginner windsurfers do, just quickly dump the sail out and return smoothly to a reasonable level of sail force. The wind had built up whitecaps by now, even though the lake is only about 200 yards long. The water looked dark and brown facing upwind and the student sailboats were beginning to capsize, one by one. Lots of windsurfers were now out on the water, with the less adept crashing and swimming and the experts going like rockets.

After getting clear of the windsurfer lane, I practiced tacking and jibing and found it pretty comfortable. With the higher wind speed the boat wouldn't go quite as close to the wind, so I had to have just a little more hull velocity to complete a tack, not very much. The beauty of the Hobie kayak is that

if I get lazy, unlucky, or impatient with a tack, I can just pedal through it rather than bear off and re-tack. With jibing, I had to be careful with wind shifts and side roller wakes from the windsurfers. This particular wind didn't just slowly change direction, it would suddenly gust from a different angle. But here again, the boat behaved well and the ride was quite exciting, using all my balance muscles and staying pretty busy. About 4:30 I pulled the boat out and had a swallow of iced tea. I was feeling pretty full of myself because I had been out in a real breeze and survived without a knockdown.

At this point the wind went up another hefty notch. From a safe position on shore I watched as the second and third sailboat out of four capsized. The fourth was surviving by pinching, with the sails noisily luffing most of the time. The sailors of one of the capsized hulls (a Capri, I believe) decided not to try to get it back upright and rode the half submerged hull slowly back to the dock area. Novice windsurfers were dropping like flies and floating back to the beach. After about 20 minutes of this the beach area looked like it was littered with wreckage, although it was actually just rigs being pulled out and people throwing in the towel.

And, of course, the experts (three or four of them) were out in the middle flying along, literally. I clocked one of them roughly by eye at a tad under 20 knots hull speed, and he was getting airborne a portion of the time. I watched as other windaholics arrived in the parking lot, unpacking their rigs with big grins. One woman had to assemble her mast into the sail by setting the rig against a tree so it wouldn't blow away. As I walked across the lawn, a young guy asked me to hold his shortboard down with my foot while he went back to his van because he was afraid the wind would pick it up. (Meanwhile, the crow had sense enough to be back enjoying a snack in its nest).

Feeling quietly proud that I had not been knocked down so far in my contest with Nature, and not wanting to jeopardize this leading position, I decided not to go back out but to pack it in, load up, and head home. After a short drive, I backed my pickup into the driveway, unloaded my stuff and rinsed things, put my kayak up on its side to drain as I usually do, set out wet things on top of it to dry, and headed in for dinner.

At first, the wind at our house was significantly lower than down on the bay, but as the evening wore on it began to pick up. My wife and I could hear it blow past the kitchen door, scooting the oak leaves out into the street, but we didn't pay particular attention, being relaxed and warm inside. Then there was a big gust and a strange noise that took a couple of seconds to identify. I ran outside and, sure enough, my kayak had blown over, scattering wet gear down the dirty driveway, and was now rotated at an angle and rocking slowly in the wind.

I started in right away to clean things up and then, realizing the symbolism in what had just happened, I stopped, stepped back, and had a good chuckle. In spite of my efforts to keep the boat upright in the strong afternoon winds, Nature had waited until the last seconds of the game and scored a knockdown after all. I had the distinct feeling that in the day's events I had been given a little further education on where primates stand in the great scheme of things, who's smart and who's not, and who's really the boss.

Even in this age of high-powered, high-tech, fossil-fueled marine motors, sails are often the engines of choice for home boat builders and others who enjoy spending time on the water. Perhaps there is a certain sense of mystery and capriciousness associated with sail power. History, exploration, romance, and adventure may be among those subliminal yearnings that capture builders when they choose to power their creations with wind. Some sailors might appreciate the choir-like harmony of hull, rig, board, and sail interacting with water and wind. Others might simply envision a return to a simpler, slower, more elemental lifestyle aboard their finished craft. Whatever the motivation to choose wind and sail power might be, once that choice is made the sailor's boat needs a functional sail. Surprisingly, for many home builders whose sails do not have to meet racing class standards, the lowly polyethylene tarp or polytarp might fulfill that need as well as any loft-built sail.

Sailors and would-be sailors run the gamut from experienced sea dogs to weekend class racers, to novices who don't have a clue about a clew. There is a similar wide disparity among home builders and sail makers. At one end of the spectrum are those who are highly skilled craftsmen whose broad knowledge and experience reveal themselves in details of quality and forethought. At the other end of the spectrum might be the novices struggling to bring paper plans to life in wood and fabric and perhaps wielding power tools or attempting to operate a sewing machine for the very first time. At nearly any wooden boat show or messabout, participants can witness these differences in boat and sail construction.

Emiliano Marino is an advocate of high quality traditional sail making for sea-going sailors. His *Sailmaker's Apprentice* is the result of a lifetime of making long-lasting sails for cruising sailboats and a Bible of sorts for aspiring sailmakers. Yet even Marino recognizes that not all sailors are going to need sails for global cruising. He suggests that first-time sailmakers and dinghy sailors who want to get out on the water quickly can make their own "...perfectly acceptable sails from Tyvek, polyethylene tarps (polytarp), London Fog raincoat material, bag nylon, or tent canvas, not to mention old sails." (1994, p.151). In another table, he suggests that blue or orange polyethylene tarp could be appropriate for "quick and dirty" sails under 100 square feet (p.262).

The tarps Marino was referring to at the time his book was published were cheap, lightweight blue tarps that were, and still are, generally available at hardware stores, farm implement stores, WalMarts, and "big box" home improvement stores nearly anywhere in the US. At only 2.5 to 4.0 oz/square yard with no ultra violet (UV) protection and a loose 8x10 per square inch inner weave, these tarps were not likely to last much over one sailing season. Likewise, Tyvek has proven to stretch out of shape quickly. But, as Marino pointed out, polyethylene tarps did have one major advantage over other sail materials. Builders could tape these sails together instead of sewing numerous strips together. For an impatient sailor or home boat builder eager to get out on the water, the fact that a cheap, functional sail could be taped together in a few hours was a hallelujah experience.

Since Marino's book was released, however, heavier, longer lasting, white polyethylene tarp materials have become read-

The Case for Polytarp Sails

By Dave Gray
PolySail International



ily available in the US. The best all-around white polytarp material is probably the 5.2oz/square yard with a 12x12/square inch weave and UV protection added. Research shows that this material is approximately 74% as strong as Dacron and about twice as strong as ripstop nylon. Another polytarp material more suited to sails over 100sf is an 6.0oz/square yard material with a 14x14 weave and UV protection. A closely woven 3.1oz/square yard is also available and is often used for racing sails by PDRacers, a one-design class based on a 4'x 8' scow that uses polytarp sails almost exclusively. These newer white polytarp materials offer durable and attractive sail fabrics that have several qualities that many boat builders and sailmakers have come to appreciate. These include:

Low cost; strength and light weight; resistance to water, rot, and sunlight; resiliency that allows the material to stretch minimally and then return to its original shape; speed and simplicity of construction (white polytarp can be taped rather than sewn, but the material also sews easily); a sail shape that can be cut from a single sheet of material rather than broadseamed; performance that rivals "real" sails; and opportunity to experiment with different sail types and sizes.



Critics sometimes complain about polytarp's plastic-like "hand" and appearance, its tendency to wrinkle, and the "welded" overlaps spaced vertically approximately every 6", but those issues are largely matters of personal preference rather than performance issues. Few sails today are still made of natural fiber materials, and certain types of well-made white polytarp sails are more than a match for some of the more exotic synthetics when it comes to sail performance. High-performance leg o' mutton, lateen, gaff, lug, and sprit sails are readily constructed from polytarp.

Stevenson Projects, designers of the popular Weekender pocket sailing yacht, offers this comparison of polytarp and Dacron sails under the "What about Sails?" section of their "Frequently Asked Questions" page: "We found (after quite a bit of swapping around in different configurations) that the Dacron had a bit of an edge in lighter airs, but the tarps were much better as the wind picked up! I won't presume to figure out why, but over the years we have not felt the need to go with 'real' sails very often."

Since introducing white "PolySail Kits" to sailors in 1996, PolySail International has shipped over 1,000 PolySail kits and sails all over the world and to all 50 states in the US. Many of those who purchased these kits simply wanted the complete boat building experience, including the construction of the sails. Others turned to these kits after pricing loft-built sails, which often cost ten times as much as one of the PolySail Kits.

Based upon its experience with kits, PolySail International began offering limited numbers of off-the-shelf sails as well as some custom sail construction beginning in the spring of 2007. Based upon our 14 years of experience and research constructing polytarp sails, we offer the following observations:

The 5.2oz polytarp material seems to be the best of the polytarps for most cruising sails under 100sf. A case can be made for using the lighter 3.1oz white polytarp for racing type sails on bendy masts.

Large sheets of white polytarp are great for constructing multiple smaller sails, particularly triangular sails, for scout, school, church, or community boat building projects.

Lateen and leg o' mutton sails are the easiest triangular sails to construct from polytarp. No darts are required to achieve a good sail shape.

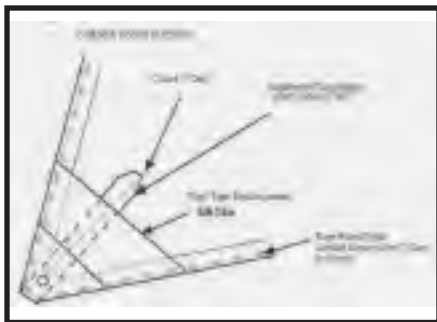
Four-sided sails, such as balanced lugs, gaff sails, and sprit rigs take much longer to construct than triangular sails. Nearly all these sails need strategically placed sewn darts and have an additional corner to reinforce. However, these sails can be readily made from polytarp.

Polytarp sails can be constructed with tape alone, but the tape will eventually lose adhesion so stitching around the sail perimeter and corners is always advised.

Corner construction is critical in building a strong sail. We suggest the use of spur grommets, at least in the corners.



Here's a look at our process: In addition to edge rounding, existing folds in the material and tension on a reinforcing line can help to push additional shape into the body of the polytarp sail. Consequently, the width and depth of darts on four-sided sails can be less than some calculations suggest. On a lugsail, for example, Jim Michalak offers mathematical calculations that suggest a large moth-



er dart is needed in the tack. On the other hand, Australian designer Michael Storer uses rounding alone to shape his PDRacer balanced lug. PolySail International usually compromises with a small dart at the tack that varies in size with the weight of the polytarp used in sail construction.



While boat designers and sailmakers are still at odds over some construction details about certain types of polytarp sails, there seems to be general agreement that tarp sails have earned their place as the low cost sail of choice among many home boat builders. Polytarp sails have shown their endurance in the Texas 200, a five-day, 200-mile sprint up the isolated Texas coastline, as well as in the Everglades Challenge, a 300-mile test along Florida's lower Gulf Coast. A look at the variety of polytarp sails on the PDRacers at the 2009 World Championships at Alatoona Lake, Georgia, confirms this coming of age for polytarp sails.

If you are interested in making a polytarp sail, generic instructions that also show several trim options are available at <http://www.polysail.com/article.htm>.



I have always liked the Adirondack Guideboat. I have only rowed two, a kevlar version and a cedar strip version, both of which were from Steve Kaulback's Adirondack Guideboat Company. A few years ago I constructed a full set of stem, rib, and bottom board patterns using John Gardner's *Virginia* plans in Ken Durant's *The Adirondack Guideboat*. I thought that building a cedar strip version with laminated ribs would be a great boat project. I also was inspired by John Michne's and Michael Olivette's *Building the Adirondack Guideboat*. Over the years I have hesitated to build one from scratch this way because of the time commitment (300+ hours) and the cost (>\$1,000 in materials). One day I may do that when I have more time.

This past September I happened to come across stitch-and-glue guideboat plans on the internet. I was very intrigued by what I read and saw in the pictures. The plans are from John Gardiner in Vancouver, British Columbia: <<http://www.guideboat.ca/>>. I really liked the design that John came up with after five design iterations based on Dwight Grant's *Ghost* guideboat. I have never built a boat using the stitch-and-glue method, so this looked like a great project.

I think this plan comes fairly close to Kaulback's guideboat style of Rushton ends and Grant middle, although it just happened this way due to plywood forming properties, it was not the designer's intent. The bow and stern are not as full as a Grant guideboat because getting plywood bent to that shape is not possible.

I made a cardboard model about 18" long to check out the boat lines first and to

A New Adirondack Guideboat

By Dave Robbie

Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*
Newsletter of the Delaware River Chapter
of the TSCA

get an idea of how the panels fit together. I like the idea that stitch-and-glue offers the ability to build a basic hull quickly. The plans are just coordinates that need to be plotted out on plywood. I made patterns of cheap meranti plywood and used a pattern-cutting routing bit to trim the real panels to size out of 5mm okoume plywood. I was very pleased after I cut out the plywood and stitched the boat together. There were no gaps at all. I was not very fond of the plan's straight dreadnought-style stems for this guideboat though. I adapted my boat so it has the exact same stem as the Grant "old style" stem in the Ken Durant book. This stem has a gentle curve with a tumblehome typical of a traditional guideboat. With cane seats the boat should weigh in at around 70 pounds. The length of the boat is 16'.

The plywood panels are held together with wires spaced every 12" or so. I used 18-gauge steel baling wire cut about 5" long. Then thickened epoxy was put in between the

stitches to tack the boat seams together. The wires were then cut and pulled out. A thickened epoxy fillet was put down along the entire joint. I cut 4" wide strips of 6oz fiberglass tape on the bias to put down over the epoxy and then the glass tape was epoxied. It was a messy job to cut strips of cloth this way. I would never do it again because the pieces deform and I had stray cloth strands everywhere.

Next I plan to put another layer of 6" wide fiberglass tape with woven edges over the cured and scuffed-up 4" tape. The raised edges of the tape can be taken down with a sharp cabinet scraper once the epoxy cures. I work out in my detached unheated garage so progress has slowed down to nothing for the past two winter months. I will be posting more on the progress of this boat in the next few months at <http://dsmotes.blogspot.com/search/label/boatbuilding2>. You can check out my blog for other boat building tips and ideas. This boat should take about 100 hours to build. I already have about 35 hours done as I write this. I plan to launch in May or June.

My friend Steve has a kevlar Adirondack Guideboat made by Steve Kaulback. Steve is a fantastic rower with incredible strength and endurance. He leaves me in his wake in his boat while I tag along behind in my Natoma Skiff. He has let me try his boat a few times and I can really tell the difference in speed, tracking, and glide compared to my homebuilt Natoma Skiff. The guideboat is by far the best boat I have ever rowed. It looks great, too. Steve's kevlar boat is what gave me the idea to build John Gardiner's guideboat. Hopefully in 2010 I will be better able to keep up with Steve.

Back in the August 15, 2007 issue I wrote about alternate motors (p.29). Since then, improvements have been made and some new products might be available to power your boat. For something new in boat propulsion, take a look at the engineering report on the "ODP Multiple CMG" under Engineering Report (left scroll list) at the Ares Propulsion Research Labs web site at www.aprlabs.com.

As noted in the PDF file that can be downloaded, "This report shows thrust produced each time a CMG passes through its 270° point in its rotation around the vehicle body. This device utilizes the principles of centrifugal force and conservation of angular momentum to create forward thrust. Potential applications for this device would most likely be boats and wheeled-type vehicles. The device would utilize an electric motor or combustion engine to power a shaft mounted vertically on a vehicle. Attached to this rotating shaft is a rigid horizontal arm, at the tip of which is an independent vertical axis. This axis supports an independent body, which maintains its orientation relative to the vehicle regardless of the supporting arm orientation. The theory behind this novel device is a forward thrust force is generated when the independent body becomes rigidly affixed to the rotating arm."

What the above means in English is a boat propulsion system that does not have a propeller in the water moving the boat. Just what size boat would be required to house the device (and its component parts) was not mentioned. It may be the same problem as the Russian "Sea Knife" boat that had a minimum length of around 35' to get the lift effect generated by the hull design. However, a power unit that does not have a propeller would have one less hole in the bottom of the boat, allow one to go in very shallow water, over debris and the like, as long as the hull held up to the situation. More on this later, I hope.

For but a very few of us, this will only be review. Other than that faraway look when the land breeze clocks a couple of points, or maybe just a fleeting loss of composure when somebody's clock chimes in twos, shore-bound sailors pretty much look and act like all the regular folks around them. But ask a sailor who has stood his share of watches at sea to describe an event, especially from his past, and he will subtly shift, much like an actor changing characters.

While the average landsman will explain what he's seen and experienced, hopefully up to his audience's standards, a sailor operates by a completely different set of rules. A sailor tells sea stories. An oral tradition, an art form actually, worthy of preserving.

I agree. "Different ships, different long splices." We all have our special brand of storytelling. And thank you for that. However, the rarified genre of sea story telling does have some common elements.

First and foremost, it is the most egalitarian form of recall known to humankind. The first time a sailor relates some sort of

From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

I have looked into some of the "kill switch" ideas for our boat. The idea is that if the operator falls overboard (or the like), the engine is shut off when the lanyard attached to the person pulls out of the connection. A major problem with this arrangement is that the lanyard limits the movement of the operator (or tangles in things). A new device, the "Autotether" is a wireless "kill switch." When a sensor is submerged in water or is beyond a set distance from the receiver, either an alarm can sound or the engine can be shut down. The arrangement (alarm or engine off) is up to the operator when the system is installed. The device will fit in a pocket or can be attached to the belt. If you are interested, you might take a look at www.autotether.com.

My repaired heat exchanger is installed and operating. What is of interest is that brass is like "stainless steel" in that the components that make up the metal are dependent on the initial process. One of the warnings I received when I sent out the repair question to one of my help lists was that "many of the problems (and a good possibility the original problem/failure) were caused or contributed to by corrosion either of the substrate metal, the braze alloy or the boss as a distinct possibility." At this point, I shall run the system and keep an eye on the heat exchanger for possible leaks. The consensus of the response group was that I should not expect a heat exchanger built in 1985 and subject to salt water to last forever.

The Coast Guard stresses the need for a good VHF radio for assistance calls from someone on a boat offshore. The news has articles from time to time on calls for help to the local 911 dispatch center via cell phones and the problems that ensue. We have a cell phone for emergency roadside assistance in our car. The other day I was coming home from an afternoon of jury duty and was caught in what for Tallahassee is rush-hour traffic when everything stopped because two cars had tangled in an intersection. I tried to call my wife on our cell phone to tell her I would be late getting home, only to find out that our cell phone does not work inside the car. I guess there is too much steel in the older cars and the signal is blocked.

On the boat we have an installed VHF radio and I pack a handheld one in the go-bag. There is also a "spare" VHF antenna (you know, the kind that rolls up with a connector for the radio). One of these days I may try the cell phone from the boat to a shore connection just to see if it works, but parts of our coastline are a dead zones for some cell phones. Hence, the two radios onboard.

Two of my Taoist Tai Chi students at a local retirement community were talking about an improved, non-slip surface for their fiberglass shower. They had tried a couple of commercial products but were not happy with the results. I asked if they had tried pet crate floors. These are open-pattern, soft, vinyl squares that lock together (such as Dri-Dek® tiles) to make a removable, washable floor in a pet crate. We use them on our boat in the cabin sole to provide a non-skid surface that can be picked up and cleaned. The cabin sole is fiberglass and whatever non-skid was there when the boat was built in 1985 is long gone. The pet crate flooring fits in the area quite nicely (it can be cut as needed) and the footing is excellent.

Did I Tell You About the Time...?

By Dan Rogers

entertaining tidbit, he'll often begin, "I once heard about this guy..." After a couple of renditions it subtly morphs to, "I once knew a guy who..." It's a short tack and a round up to "my buddy and I used to... all the time." And finally, and for the rest of that particular yarn spinner's earthly existence, the epic begins, "Let me tell you how I..." Egalitarian. And for good reason.

The second essential element requires some sort of calamity. Mechanical failure, severe weather, or perhaps even combat action will do. This imminent peril really should be more or less directly linked to the incompetence of a superior in the chain of command. Perhaps, occasionally, a lackey following the orders of that clueless superior can fill the

role of "villain." The story just doesn't earn its salt if the cause of trouble stems from a shipmate's personal avarice or malice. No, what we need here is a petty screw-up with high aspirations. In the Navy, junior officers are prized examples.

The skill of the storyteller and the intrinsic value of the yarn are largely determined by how subtly and how long he can build, and hold, suspense. The expected outcome of the tale must remain in question for a tantalizingly extended period.

Then the moral lesson is delivered with brevity and authority. Naturally, the hero of the tale (our yarn spinner, of course) must figure prominently in saving the ship from fire or flooding, changing course at the last possible moment. Even standing tall before the Old Man in dress canvas, for the sake of his principles.

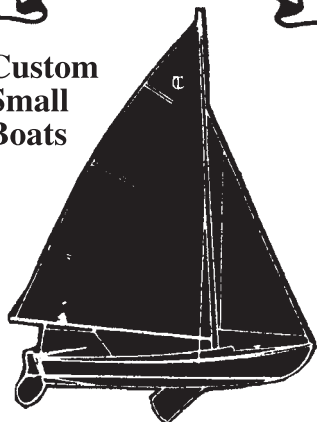
I know it's true. A sailor belongs aboard his ship, his ship belongs at sea. For my shore-bound friend, harbors rot both ships and sailors!

But as long as we're beached here on the hard for a spell, let me tell about the time I...



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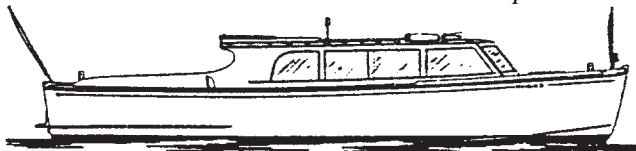
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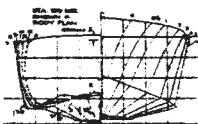
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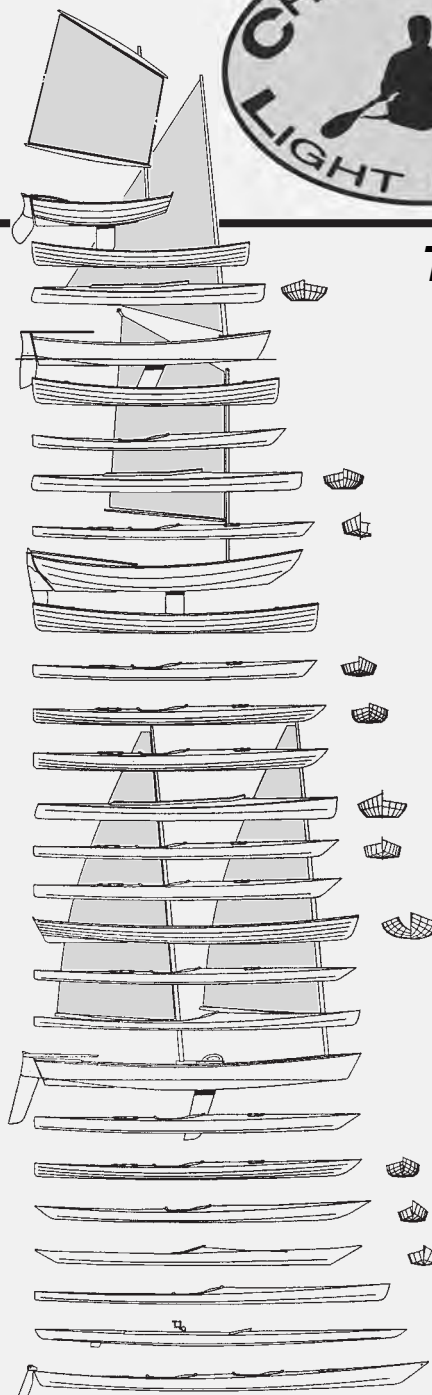
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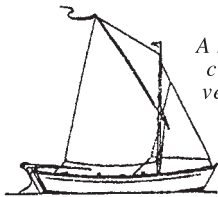
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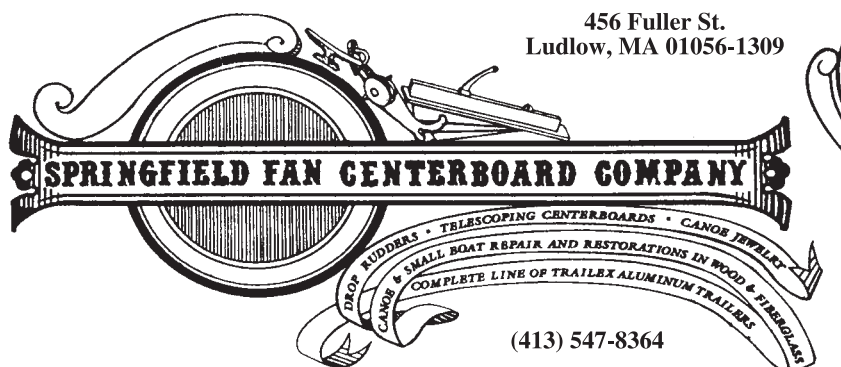
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This is a sort of boilerplate response that I sent to about a dozen initial enquiries about *Plum Duff* from a rather sketchy ad I placed to try to sell her on craigslist. From this dozen the only "real" offer I got was for \$300. This told me our sport/avocation/lifestyle is probably in the commode. When I responded to the guy offering \$300 that I had spent more on a single anchor than that, he didn't up the ante.

Fortunately, one of the respondents was also a boat hauler and appears to be able to move her to Washington for an acceptable amount. So I guess I'll just keep her in the family after all.

Seems like enjoying just one weekend doing what that boat is doing in any of those old snapshots of her under sail would be worth \$300. "Where have all the sailors gone... long time passing, long time ago..."

"To all of you who responded to my ad on craigslist: Thank you for your interest. The attached pictures are from a couple of years ago. My computer crashed and took most of the more current ones with it. However, other than a more chalky hull (needs waxing) and various modifications topside, she's still the same girl.

Plum Duff is a 1976 vintage Ranger 26 (Gary Mull design). I bought her about five years ago in as-is condition. Since then she's been extensively upgraded electrically. There's even an electric head. The entire sail handling arrangement has been changed for single-handing. The Nissan outboard has always fired right off. The ground tackle is all handled from the cockpit.

Selling *Plum Duff*

By Dan Rogers



This boat is one of the fastest around under 30 feet. She'll outfoot and outpoint almost anything of a more "modern" design. I routinely sail her into the slip.

The cushions are all ultra suede. I have converted the interior to support one in comfort and two in weekend bliss. The table is now fixed and the V-berth is enclosed with hand-milled ceiling strips on the hull sides and lockers.

Much of the reason this boat sails so well is she is a bit narrower than contemporary designs. Her passenger carrying area is more to the center of buoyancy. And the cabin is lower (about 5'6") than those that boast full standing headroom. Most males have to stoop a bit.

I have sailed her about 6,500 miles in the past five years. That means she's been underway several times most every week of the time. Now she sits with nobody to tell her she's beautiful, since last August.

No telling
how much money

I've spent on her. But, that's a never-ending tale. She really needs a haul out and bottom paint. The deck needs repainting. The hatch needs a trim strip and probably by now the duckboards are peeling. All boats need a man (or woman) with a table saw, drill press, and router someplace in the background. Basic hand tools and basic handyman skills, at least.

Anyhow, Kate at the boat broker's office there in Chula Vista Marina has the key and should be available to let you aboard. I still have personal stuff aboard and the pictures on the bulkhead are all in the wanna keep category. If the boat goes "for nothing" I'll keep the motor and tanks, auto pilot, anchors, and rode, etc. If you want to offer me full price (which is really not very much) and can give her a nice home; I'll have a friend take down the pictures and she's yours.



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C. Marie is for Sale

By Collin Neal



C. Marie, a Micro Trawler I built and launched in the Ohio River on July 8, 1984, is for sale. I am now 80 years old and reduced to staying home and playing on the Ohio River with my grandkids in our runabout.

C. Marie is 15' long, 8'6" beam, with two 6'4" bunks w/pads, 6'2" headroom, large storage areas under bow, bunks, and cabinets, alcohol stove, large ice chest which doubles as helm seat, foldaway dining table, compass, radio, depth sounder. The motor is a 1996 Mercury 50hp ELPT, 4-stroke, 24gal aluminum gas tank. The bottom of the boat is 1" thick, and all plywood is covered in fiberglass in epoxy. The trailer is a 1994 Classic. The sale price is \$9,800. Look for my ad in the Classified Marketplace.

I've taken *C. Marie* down and back the Erie Canal, on our area rivers, Lake Erie, the Intracoastal from Virginia to mid-Florida, and the west coast of Florida.

Over the years I have built several of Phil Bolger's designs and Clark Craft sail and motor boat designs. The largest sailboat I built was a Bruce Roberts 32' which I rigged as a gaff schooner. My wife and I sailed it on Lake Erie for ten years, and the subsequent buyer sailed it from Virginia to Portugal.



Rodger Swanson of Swanson Boat Company recently delivered the first order of Oarsman Marine Tallow to Steve Holt, owner of Shaw and Tenney in Orono, Maine. Shaw and Tenney will be offering the tallow as an in-store and catalogue item starting this spring. As Shaw and Tenney is the nation's signature provider of traditional oars and paddles, Rodger is more than pleased to be on board with them.

Tallow has been produced as an animal rendering by-product for several thousand years. A traditional use is as a preservative and lubricant for leather. Oarsman Marine Tallow is made for the latter purpose and is intended for marine applications. Historically, the common uses were for seasoning and lubricating oar leathers, as an oarlock socket lubricant (saves wear on shafts and sockets) and as a lubricant for leathered gaff jaws. In proper formulation, it can be used as a mast coating.

When Rodger was introduced to traditional rowing 35 years ago, John Gardner (Curator of Small Craft at Mystic Seaport at that time) recommended using tallow as an oar leather and oarlock socket lubricant. Finding no source from which to purchase it, Rodger decided to make his own. He fol-

Shaw and Tenney to Carry Oarsman Marine Tallow



lowed the recipe in R.D. Culler's *Skiffs and Schooners* and was pleased with the result. Experience led to some modifications, once perfected, the same process is in use today.

Rodger resumed boat building a few years ago, concentrating on rowing craft. It seemed to him that his customers ought to be able to use tallow if they so chose. At present, Swanson Boat Company is the only domestic manufacturer of marine tallow. It's produced on a small-batch basis, with every phase of the process monitored for consistency and quality.

Oarsman Marine Tallow has always (35 years) been rendered from USDA food grade beef suet. Starting in 2010, we are using suet from grass-fed animals raised by Scantic Valley Farm of Somers, Connecticut. Besides being all natural, the primary difference in the end product is its having a slightly smoother texture. Pork and mutton tallow are also available, as well as custom formulations.

Shaw and Tenney will have the product in the standard half-pint size, complete with instruction packet. Those interested can order: On-line catalogue @ www.shawandtenney.com; email @ info@shawandtenney.com; phone (207)866-4867, toll-free (800)240-4867.

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Mail to Boats, 29 Burley St, Wenham, MA 01984, or e-mail to maib.office@gmail.com. No telephone ads please.



25' MacGregor Sloop, '86, drop keel. Draws 2'5". Johnson 9.9 Seahorse electric start. Sails & sail cover, anchor & mooring line, depth sounder, radio hookup, life lines, swim ladder, pfd's, full galley w/ Orego stove. Slps 4, gd interior. Porta pottie, electric bilge pump, pop-up for standing headroom w/canvas cover. Tlr in gd shape. \$3,500.

RICHARD ZAPF, Georgetown, MA, (978) 352-8331 eves (6)

Drascombe Lugger, 19' daysailer. Yawl w/loose footed sliding gunter main & roller reefing jib. Sails almost new. 4-cycle long-shaft 6hp ob has very low hours. Boat now stored on Deer Isle, Maine will be available for sale in late June. \$3,750 Call with questions.

PETER FUCHS, Washington, DC, (202) 362 8348 (6)



Weekender, in issue 26 Nov 08. 19' fg over plywood. NO LEAKS. One man can raise mast easily. Nds a little tlc, could use proper sails (current sails are cut from tarps) & a proper rudder. Rigging is Home Depot. \$850 ready to go on a good EZ Loader trlr.

FRANK PABST, Plattsburg, (northern) NY, (518) 561-5771 (5)

23' O'Day Sloop, ca. '73. Keel/cb, roller furling. Slps 4-5, sm. galley, sails okay. No extra gear. Minimum interior, work needed or sail as is. Sails fine, sailed on LI Sound. For Spring sale at price: Sloop \$999, on new trlr \$2,000.

CASS, Skowhegan, ME, (207) 683-2435, dc.cass@gmail.com (5)



'70 Westerly Centaur, rebuilt, refurbished, re-just about-everythinged. LOA 26', Draft 3', Beam 8.5', Disp. 6,500lbs. Lloyds cert GRP. Twin iron keels. Project objective: To have a clean, cruising-aesthetic boat w/known & observed problems of original design, manufacture and passage of time taken care of. Project duration: 1 Jan, '04 thru 31 Dec, '09. Price \$9,950. Boat name: *Saga*. The boat has all the following new items: Volvo 1010 Diesel engine (100hrs), aluminum engine mounts, instrument panel, engine control system, custom 16gal welded aluminum fuel tank & filler system, Type 316 stainless steel water lift muffler, exhaust system, dual fuel filter system, stern gland w/custom wrenches, prop shaft, propeller, stern bearing, batteries & secure mounts (2), cables. Cockpit teak grating. Main hatch slide w/lock & companionway teak trim. Cabin top ss hand rails (3 each port & stb.). Custom NACA 0012 airfoil section rudder w/ stainless end plate. Rudder bearings. 140% roller furling genoa & main sail w/2 sets reef points, genoa & main sheets & halyards. Lazy jacks. Main cabin overhead & hull liners. Custom mahogany table & trim. Cushions. Curtains. Mahogany binoc & document racks. All white paint Petit mold resistant. Lexan scratch resistant windows. All chain plates replaced & rebbed, stern & bow cleats bedded & backed up. Bow rail, stern rail, upper life line. Foredeck Vetus bollard. Custom double bow roller/anchor storage system w/anchors (Delta & Bruce). Boat completely rewired & labeled, bow to stern cabin to mast top. Switch panel & battery switch. Bow, stern, motoring & masthead lights. Raymarine ST 40 boat speed, depth & wind system. Raymarine 300 GPS. Suunto compass. Keels sandblasted & barrier epoxied (never in the water since). Deck & cabin top repainted w/2-part International polyurethane. Special system for transferring lower shroud stress across window openings to reduce opportunity for leaks. Other items too difficult to describe. Original/as received: Profurl roller furling system. 2-burner alcohol stove. Autotelm autopilot.

DAVID BANKS, yclept@ventur.net (5)

Fishermen & Birdwatchers: Maxi-Model Poke Boat, used. 12' x 22lbs, large cockpit. Kevlar construction, gd cond. \$1,200.

MYRON SLEEPER, Marshfield, MA, (781) 834-8916 (6)



14'2" Peapod, beam 4'5", designed by John Gardner. Meticulously built by Robert Hobbs, Carver, MA in '00. Oukume glued lap construction, tight as a bottle. Oak keel, frames, stems, copper rivets, bronze screws, solid mahogany seats, trim, sheer-strakes finished bright. Float tested by USCG, approved for 5 people and/or 800lbs. Best in Salem Wooden Boat Show. Twice completed Blackburn Challenge rowed by Hugh Bishop. My next longitude will be about 90W GMT, I guess I've had about enough. \$3,800.

ED HAWKES, Marblehead, MA, (781) 631-2359 (6)

'77 Stur-dee Cat, 14' Marconi rig catboat (see www.stur-deeboat.com) w/2001 Venture trlr. Coamings need replacement along w/some standing rigging work. \$2,000
PENN PFAUTZ, Middletown, NJ, (732) 957-0474, ppfautz@comcast.net (6)

'33 Old Town Double Ender, being restored. Cedar ribs, cane seats, new decks, new ash inner & outer, gunwales sponson sides, new ash keel, brass half oval stems. This will be an eye stopper! **'36 Old town 14' Rowboat**, square stern, white cedar ribs w/unsightly old varnish removed, canvas covered, mahogany bench seats & gunwales, brass oar locks. Mahogany strip deck 4' long has 5 coats of varnish. Sponsons in great shape. Natural grown knees brace seats to gunwales & stern board. Have original order from Old Town. Code name is Asponsetta. Extreme width 53", stern width 42 1/2", depth 18 1/2", weight 190lbs. Offers.
WM. PETERSON, RR 1 Box 93 West St., Princeton, ME 04668, (207) 796-5576 (5)

Force Five Sailboat, \$500. **16' Fiberglass Camo Canoe**, \$250.
HAL ZIEGLER, New Milford CT, (860) 354-0064. (5)

18''07 Ladybug Flat Iron Wooden Skiff, w/25hp 4-stroke Tohatsu, full controls & electric start, extra gear & folding top, Coast Guard equipment, very little use, \$4,900 cash. Tlr extra \$900 OBRO. **15' Aluminum Tracker**, 9.9hp 4-stroke Merc, lots of extras, vy little use, \$2,800 cash. Tlr extra \$600, OBRO. **Lightning Hull**, cedar wood, \$400 cash OBRO. **20' '04 Lunenburg NS Troll Dory**, w/motor well, 2 pr oars, anchor, & trlr, like new. \$8,000 cash OBRO. **18' Old Town Otca Canoe**, built '61, exc cond, nds to be recovered. \$1,100 cash OBRO. **16' Old Town Otca Canoe**, built '49, vy nice cond. \$1,450 cash OBRO. **14' Bahamian Sailing Dinghy**, built by William Albury in early '50s, nds rebuilding. \$900 OBRO.
LEON POTHIER, Westfield, MA, (413) 562-2216 (5)

'57 Chris Craft Barracuda, original, must see. E-Mail me & I'll send 70 close up photos. Built by a Maine boat builder '57-'60. Original Merc 400 45hp. Tlr & cover incl. Call me for more info. \$6500.
ART KORBEL, Coral Springs, FL, (954) 753-7621, classicboats4425@aol.com (5)

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NEAL SMALL, 2 Grace Ct., #4K, Brooklyn, NY 11201 (5)

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HAL ZIEGLER, New Milford CT, (860) 354-0064 (5)

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BOB PORTER, Ipswich, MA, (978) 430-8232, whittierporter@comcast.net (5)

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Lead Ballast, any size or shape incl old lead keel. Need up to 1,500lbs. **Lightning Gooseneck Fitting**, or similar. **Blue Jay Sails**.
VAL THOMPSON, Edgcomb, ME, (207) 882-7637 (5)

Vintage '50s-'60s-'70s 25hp OB, Evinrude or Johnson short shaft w/electric start to mate up to my '55 Lyman 15' Runabout I've been restoring for the last yr.
JIM CROWELL, Kingston, MA, (781) 585-2475, crowellmach@netzero.com (5)

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C. CORWIN, Box 689, Ketchum, ID 83340, aliceboat@cox.net (6)

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June 19-20 Crafts at Rhinebeck, Rhinebeck, NY
June 25-27 WoodenBoat Show, Mystic, CT **
July 2-4 Berkshire Craft Show, Gr Barrington, MA **
July 16-18 Lakeside Living Expo, Gilford, NH **

** denotes boats in the water

"1. Acquire the habit of sitting down in a boat, and never stand up to perform any work which may be done sitting."

This excellent advice I found in Nares' "SEAMANSHIP" of 1862. It appears in a section headed "PRACTICAL HINTS FOR THE CONSIDERATION AND GUIDANCE OF SEAMEN AND OTHERS HAVING CHARGE OR COMMAND OF BOATS". Not for nothing, as I realised afterwards, had this handy book been endorsed by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. Unfortunately, I only discovered Lieutenant Nares' salutary warning after I had launched my boat on the wind-swept waters of Lac St Louis, which is the broad reach at confluence of the St Lawrence and Ottawa Rivers, just west of Montreal. The craft in question is an Adirondack Guide Boat. These boats are usually 15 feet or 16 feet in length; mine is slightly smaller. Surprisingly, the type is virtually unknown in Quebec: it grows tedious to explain: No, it is not a canoe. It is in fact a rowing boat, and is capable of a very fair turn of speed. Considering its light construction, the boat is extremely stable except when (and this brings me back to the admirable Nares) one is rash enough to stand in order to alight, or indeed (as I soon discovered) to board. But to return to my narrative: it was a bright, and distinctly breezy, day when I first launched my boat, which I had bought on an impulse, with some money (not much, sad to say) bequeathed to me by my uncle. No doubt, if I had had a small and secure wooden floating dock of the type so commonly seen in late 19th century photographs of leafy Adirondack resorts- crinolines, parasols and dappled sunshine, all would have been well. But my task was to get from a rocky and weed-encrusted beach, seasoned by a brisk blow and stiff swell, into a lively and untethered flat-bottomed shell. I gave the matter considerable thought; but after a while, egged on by the churlish jibes of my dependants assembled on the adjacent bank, I gingerly placed my left foot squarely in the centre of the craft. My planning would no doubt have been crowned with a gratifying success had my basic assumption proved to be sound: that the boat itself was reasonably passive. Sadly, this hope proved to be not well-placed. As I transferred my weight onto the ship-borne foot, the hull lurched capriciously towards my other leg. This right limb remaining firmly planted on the bottom of the Lake, my centre of gravity was soon transferred to a point outside the critical vertical line. (Cf Leaning Tower of Pisa.) It was quite late in these proceedings when I came to appreciate that my other foot was in fact firmly planted, not on the bottom at all, but on some singularly slimy and treacherous algae. After that flash of enlightenment, I must admit, I am not at all clear about the course of the rapidly unfolding events. Suffice it to say that I soon found myself supine in the shallows, with the boat on top of my head. The only good thing, I think, was that my family, by this time helpless with unseemly and disrespectful mirth, was quite unable to find, much less to operate, the camera. The waters of the Lake (it being now November) were not excessively warm. And it is not, as I quickly realised, a very dignified exercise to seek to divest yourself of a boat, however elegantly designed, which happens to be sitting on your head-especially when you yourself are semi-recumbent in the shallows, with spectacles dangling off one ear, water-weed clinging to your wrists, and the oars drifting away like cats on the loose. As I have explained, it was only after this that I discovered the advice of the excellent Lieutenant Nares. But believe me, it really is quite sound: I know this from experience.